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Cutankhamen: A Veiled Mystery Revealed

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**AFTER REMOVAL OF THE CANOPY: THE VEILED SECRET OF THE INMOST RECESS IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB—
THE MOST IMPORTANT OBJECT (AFTER THE MUMMY) COVERED IN ITS LINEN PALL OVER 3000 YEARS OLD.**

Of all the wonderful things found in the Tomb of Tutankhamen, the mysterious veiled object shown above comes next in importance to the actual mummy of the king with its coffins and sarcophagus. What it is exactly will be found fully explained and illustrated on the succeeding pages of this number. Here it stands

as it was revealed to the eyes of its discoverer, Mr. Howard Carter, when the canopy that enclosed it had been removed. It is seen still covered with the linen pall draped over it when the king was buried, about 1350 B.C., 3278 years ago. The sight of it causes a thrill of curiosity as to its nature and contents.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

A TUTANKHAMEN MYSTERY SOLVED: WONDERS HIDDEN WITHIN THE GREAT CANOPIC SHRINE IN THE INNERMOST RECESS.

(See Pages 161 to 167.)

IN the Egyptian process of mummifying the body the viscera were separately preserved in four so-called Canopic jars associated with the genii Imsety, Hepy, Duamutef, and Qebehsenuef, who were under the special protection of four goddesses.

Each of the four tutelary goddesses was supposed to have possessed within herself a genius, which it was her duty to protect. Thus the guardian goddess of Imsety was Isis, the guardian goddess of Hepy was Nephthys, that of Duamutef was Neith, and the guardian of Qebehsenuef was the goddess Selket.

An ancient myth connected with the four genii, said to be the sons of Horus, tells us that they arose from water in a lily, and that the crocodile god Sebekh, commanded by the Sun-god Re, had to catch them in a net. It is said, however, that Isis produced them, and that they succoured Osiris in his misfortunes, and saved him from hunger and thirst. Thus it became their office to do the same for the dead. From the ancient myth and from the logical procedure in mummification came the peculiar conception, which already showed itself in the Old and Middle Kingdoms and was universally accepted in the Egyptian New Empire. By the intervention of these genii the viscera were prevented from causing the deceased any unpleasantness; they were removed from the body and placed in the charge of these spirits guarded by their respective goddesses whose genii the spirits were.

Hence in an Egyptian tomb, after the mummy, its coffins, and sarcophagus, the most important of all the funerary appurtenances were the four Canopic jars, the richness of which was naturally in keeping with the station of the deceased.

Usually they were placed at the feet of the mummy, but in the tomb of Tutankhamen these jars were put in the Innermost Recess opposite the foot-end of the sarcophagus, and were covered by a magnificent canopy (see illustration on this page).

In the practicable sequence of the déblaiement of the Innermost Recess,

Mr. Howard Carter's last duty was to dismantle and investigate this beautiful monument. For, owing to its size and the requirements for such an undertaking, damage might have occurred to the numerous delicate objects that surrounded it, had they not been first removed. The monument stood in the centre of the far end of the Recess

immediately opposite the doorway; it was over six feet in height, and it occupied a floor space of some five by four feet.

Even though it was possible to guess the purport of that beautiful construction, its simple grandeur, the gracious but almost pitiful little goddesses that guarded it, produced a mystery and an irresistible appeal to the imagination that would be difficult to describe. The impressive canopy was supported by four posts upon a sledge; and at the four sides (one at each side) stood lifelike statuettes of the four

upon a silver-handled sledge and covered with a linen pall, held the four receptacles for the viscera of the young monarch. Similar to the sarcophagus in the burial chamber, the Canopic chest has the tutelary goddesses carved in relief on the four corners, with on each side their respective formula in bold incised hieroglyphs filled in with black pigment. The massive lid, which takes the form of an entablature, was fastened down by means of four seals attached to gold staples. The lid when raised disclosed four human-headed covers finely sculptured in alabaster in the

likeness of the King. They covered the mouths of four receptacles which in turn contained each an exquisite miniature inlaid gold coffin wherein the viscera were placed.

These miniature coffins which held the viscera preserved and wrapped in mummiform are the culmination of both the goldsmith's and the jeweller's art. They stood upright, and are perfect replicas of the great gold coffin that enclosed the King, but are even more elaborately inlaid in feathered design. Each bears the formula of the guardian goddess and genius to which it belongs, and each has engraved in the interior the text pertaining to its protectors.

However, with all this care and costly expenditure to preserve and protect the mortal remains of the boy king, the sumptuous funeral equipment, and what must have been elaborate religious rites at the time of entombment, Mr. Carter found in his investigations gross carelessness on the part of those dynastic undertakers. It must have been better known to them than it is to us that the goddess Nephthys should have been on the south side and that her charge was the genius Hepy, and also that Selket should have been on the east and that her spirit was Qebehsenuef. Yet when erecting the Canopic canopy, even though it bears distinct guide-marks as well as distinguishing inscriptions, the goddess Selket was placed south in the place of Nephthys, and Nephthys on the east, where Selket

should have been. Moreover, the carpenters who put together the sections of the canopy and fitted the covering over the chest, left their chips of wood lying on the floor. But we must not be too arrogant: if such things appear to us illogical, it may be, perhaps, that our interpretations are still inadequate and that it is we who are in error.



HOW THE SECRETS OF THE CANOPIC CHEST WERE GUARDED FOR OVER 3000 YEARS IN THE INNERMOST RECESS OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: THE MAGNIFICENT GESSO-GILT OUTER CANOPY (OR CANOPIC SHRINE), SHOWING TWO OF THE FOUR GUARDIAN GODDESSES—ISIS (LEFT) AND SELKET, MISPLACED THROUGH "GROSS CARELESSNESS."

The magnificent Canopic Shrine, a gesso-gilt canopy over 6 ft. high, beautifully carved and decorated at the top with two rows of uraei, or royal cobras, was the principal object in the Innermost Recess of Tutankhamen's Tomb, leading out of the actual sepulchre. On the sledge-like base of the shrine, one at each of the four sides, stood exquisite statuettes of the four guardian goddesses, Isis, Nephthys, Neith, and Selket, of whom the first two only are visible in the above photograph. As mentioned in the article on this page, Mr. Howard Carter discovered what was apparently an act of gross carelessness on the part of those who carried out the king's burial. The figure of Selket had been misplaced on the south side, where Nephthys ought to have stood, while the latter was on the east side where Selket should have been stationed.

The above photograph was given in our last number by way of preliminary announcement of those now published.

Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. (World Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

tutelary goddesses—Isis, Nephthys, Neith, and Selket, each guarding her charge with outstretched protective arms (see photographs on pages 163 and 164). The whole construction, gilded and surmounted by rows of brilliantly inlaid solar cobras, concealed a sumptuous Canopic chest of semi-translucent alabaster. This shrine-shaped chest with dado of gold, resting

THE SECRET REVEALED: TUTANKHAMEN'S MAGNIFICENT CANOPIC CHEST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



WITH CORNER FIGURES OF GUARDIAN GODDESSES, AND INSCRIPTIONS: THE BEAUTIFUL CANOPIC CHEST OF ALABASTER, ON A SILVER-HANDLED SLEDGE, RESTING ON THE LARGER SLEDGE-LIKE BASE OF THE REMOVED CANOPY.

The secret of the Innermost Recess in Tutankhamen's Tomb here stands revealed in all the beauty of its outward aspect. This magnificent Canopic chest is the mysterious object disclosed to view by removal of the linen pall, which had covered it for over 3000 years, as shown in the photograph on our front page. It was originally enclosed within the great gesso-gilt canopy known as the Canopic shrine, of which an illustration appears on the opposite page, and in the above photograph it is seen still resting on the sledge-like base of the shrine. At the corners of this platform, and in the centre of the front, are visible the sockets into which

the posts of the shrine were fitted. The base of the Canopic chest itself is similarly shaped like a sledge, with handles at the side. The chest itself is an exquisite structure of semi-translucent alabaster, and at its lower edge runs a dado of gold. Like the sarcophagus in the sepulchre, the Canopic chest has the figures of the guardian goddesses, Isis, Nephthys, Neith, and Selket, carved in relief at the four corners, and on the sides their respective formulas are cut in bold hieroglyphs filled in with black pigment. The massive lid was fastened by four seals attached to gold staples. The contents appear on succeeding pages.

TUTANKHAMEN'S CANOPIC CHEST UNLIDDED: PORTRAIT "STOPPERS."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



THE REMARKABLE SIGHT DISCLOSED WHEN THE LID OF THE GODDESS-GUARDED CANOPIC CHEST WAS REMOVED:
PORTRAIT-BUSTS OF TUTANKHAMEN FORMING STOPPERS OF RECEPTACLES CONTAINING THE FOUR CANOPIC JARS.

When the massive lid of the alabaster Canopic chest, in the Innermost Recess of Tutankhamen's Tomb, was removed, a wonderful sight was disclosed. Standing within the chest were four receptacles, each having a "stopper" consisting of a beautifully wrought portrait-bust of the young king, with the emblems of royalty on his forehead. Each of the receptacles contained an exquisite miniature of the golden coffin, and these small coffins formed the "Canopic jars" in which were placed the king's viscera, in accordance with ancient Egyptian custom, as explained

in our article on page 162. One of the miniature coffins is illustrated on the page opposite. In the above photograph are clearly seen, in whole or in part, three of the four guardian goddesses standing with outstretched arms at the corners of the chest, and the boldly incised and painted hieroglyphics setting forth their several attributes. Below them is the decorated gold dado, and below this, again, is the sledge-like base. The whole structure rests on the larger "sledge" which formed the base of the shrine or canopy shown on page 162.

THE CANOPIC SHRINE'S INMOST SECRET: THE GOLD COFFIN IN LITTLE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



AN EXACT MINIATURE REPLICA OF TUTANKHAMEN'S GREAT GOLD COFFIN, AND EVEN MORE ELABORATELY INLAID :
ONE OF THE FOUR ANTHROPOID "CANOPIC JARS" CONTAINING THE KING'S VISCERA, WITHIN THE CANOPIC CHEST.

The ancient Egyptian custom of separately burying the viscera of the dead in Canopic jars, according to the beliefs explained in our article on page 162, was observed at the funeral of Tutankhamen with every refinement of artistic elaboration. The above photograph represents the ultimate secret of the great Canopic shrine and the alabaster Canopic chest which it enclosed, as illustrated on previous pages. This final mystery was revealed by the opening of the chest. "The lid when raised [we read] disclosed four human-headed covers finely sculptured in

alabaster in the likeness of the king. They covered the mouths of four receptacles, which in turn contained each an exquisite miniature inlaid gold coffin wherein the viscera were placed. These miniature coffins, which held the viscera preserved and wrapped in mummiform, are the culmination of both the goldsmith's and the jeweller's art. They stood upright, and are perfect replicas of the great gold coffin that enclosed the king, but are even more elaborately inlaid in feathered design. Each bears the formula of the guardian goddess and genius to which it belongs."

THE FOUR "PITIFUL" GODDESSES & PORTRAIT HEADS:

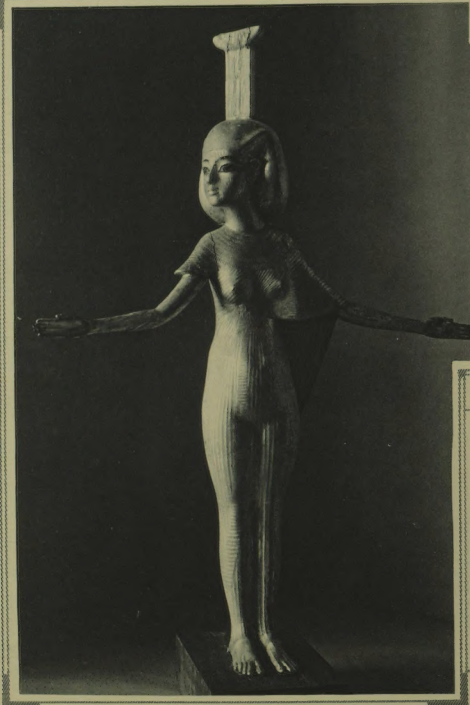
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

CANOPIC SHRINE SCULPTURES OF SUPREME BEAUTY.

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RESEMBLING THE GOLD PORTRAIT-MASK OVER THE HEAD OF THE KING'S MUMMY: ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL ALABASTER BUSTS OF TUTANKHAMEN FORMING "STOPPERS" TO THE FOUR RECEPTACLES IN THE CANOPIC CHEST.

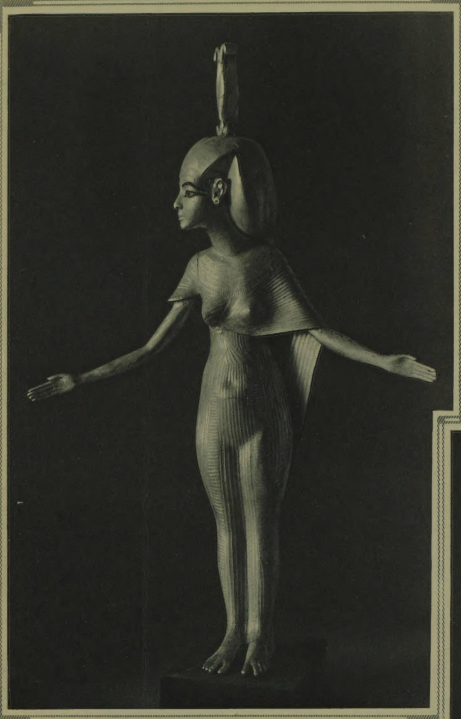


THE "MADONNA" OF ANCIENT EGYPT: AN EXQUISITE STATUETTE OF ISIS (GUARDIAN GODDESS OF THE GENIUS IMSETY)—ONE OF THE FOUR PROTECTIVE FIGURES OUTSIDE THE CANOPIC SHRINE, DISTINGUISHED BY HER HEAD EMBLEM.

FOUND TO HAVE BEEN MISPLACED ON THE CANOPIC SHRINE ON THE EAST SIDE INSTEAD OF ON THE SOUTH: THE BEAUTIFUL STATUETTE OF THE TUTELARY GODDESS NEPHTHYS, GUARDIAN OF THE "GENIUS HEPY.



"FINELY SCULPTURED IN ALABASTER IN THE LIKENESS OF THE KING": THE FOUR PORTRAIT-HEADS OF JARS HOLDING HIS VISCERA, INSIDE THE CANOPIC CHEST; EACH HEAD BEARING THE ROYAL



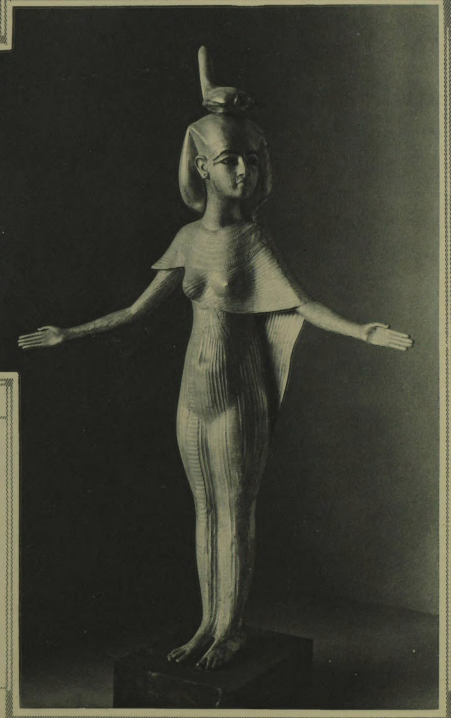
EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE OF THE TUTANKHAMEN PERIOD (1375-1350 B.C.) IN ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL FORM: THE STATUETTE OF THE GUARDIAN GODDESS NEITH, PROTECTOR OF THE GENIUS DUAMUTEF.

MISPLACED ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CANOPIC SHRINE, INSTEAD OF ON THE EAST, APPARENTLY BY AN ERROR OF THE "DYNASTIC UNDERTAKERS": THE EXQUISITE STATUETTE OF THE GODDESS SELKET, GUARDIAN OF THE GENIUS QEBHSENUEF.

EMBLEMS ON THE FOREHEAD.



BEARING ON HIS BROW THE ROYAL INSIGNIA—THE SEKHEMET VULTURE AND BUTO SERPENT, EMBLEMS OF THE TWO KINGDOMS OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT: ONE OF THE ALABASTER HEADS OF TUTANKHAMEN FORMING COVERS OF THE FOUR CANOPIC JARS.



Nothing more beautiful, as pure art, has come out of Tutankhamen's Tomb than the group of exquisite sculptures connected with the Canopic shrine found in the Innermost Recess. For sheer artistic charm all the wealth of treasure previously found is surpassed by the lovely statuettes of the guardian goddesses that stood, with outstretched arms, protecting the four sides of the Canopic shrine, and by the sculptured alabaster heads of the king which formed the stoppers of the receptacles inside the Canopic chest. In the article on page 162, we read: "The viscera were separately preserved in four so-called Canopic jars associated with the geni Imsety, Hepy, Duamutef, and Qebhsenuf, who were under the special protection of four goddesses. Each of the four tutelary goddesses was supposed to have possessed within herself a genius, which it was her duty to protect. Thus the guardian goddess of Imsety was Isis,

the guardian goddess of Hepy was Nephthys, that of Duamutef was Neith, and the guardian of Qebhsenuf was the goddess Selket." When Mr. Howard Carter examined the Canopic shrine, as it had been left, over 3000 years before, by the Egyptians who carried out the funeral arrangements, he "found gross carelessness on the part of those dynastic undertakers. It must have been better known to them than it is to us that the goddess Nephthys should have been on the south side and that her charge was the genius Hepy, and also that Selket should have been on the east and that her spirit was Qebhsenuf. Yet when erecting the Canopic canopy, even though it bears distinct guide-marks as well as distinguishing inscriptions, the goddess Selket was placed south in the place of Nephthys, and Nephthys on the east where Selket should have been."



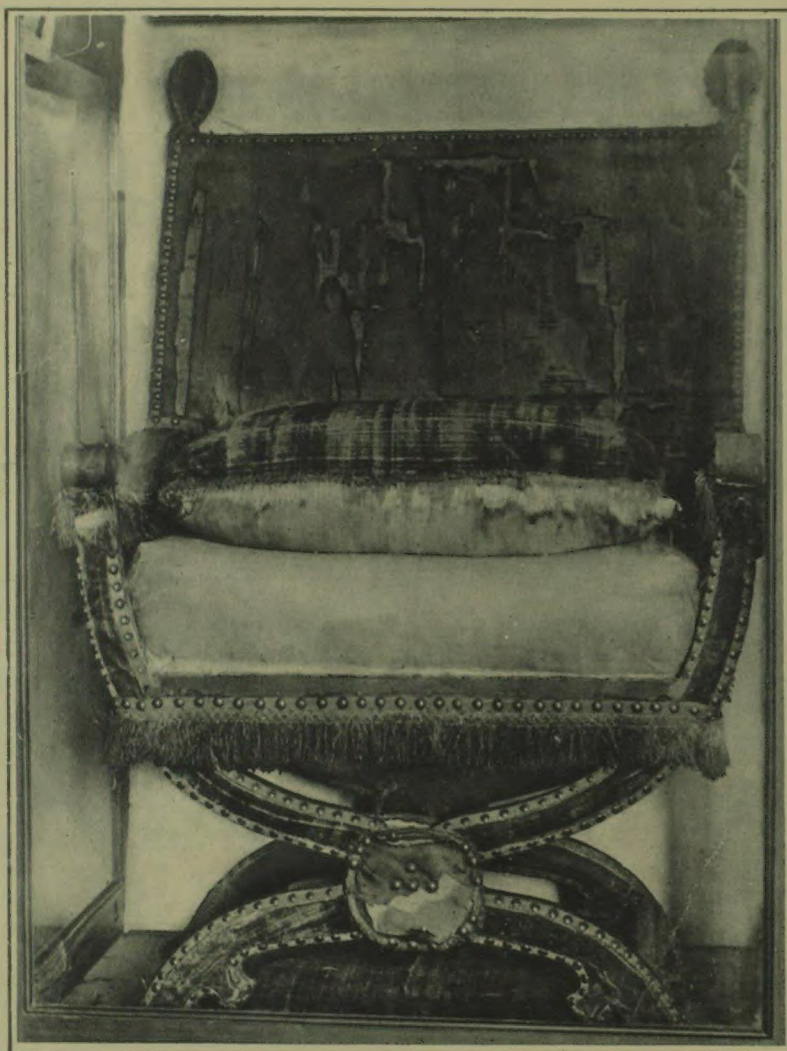
By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is one aspect of modern science and machinery that nobody has noticed. It is quite new, and it is enormously important. It is this; that the very fact of using new methods makes it easier to fall back on old morals, especially if they are very immoral morals. If we seem to be putting new tools to new uses, we do not notice that the new uses are old abuses. I remember reading in cold print in a current newspaper a report, calmly describing how an obstinately silent tramp had been given shocks with an electric battery to make him speak. I read it with horror; but the horror did not seem to be general. Now, if the newspaper had told us that the police had taken the tramp to the Tower, and given him even the tiniest turn of the thumbscrew or a single moment's experience of the rack, everybody in England would have been shocked and all the humanitarians would have been shrieking. Yet the thing was exactly the same; it was simply forcing speech by inflicting pain, or threatening to inflict it. Nobody noticed that it was exactly the same; and that simply and solely because the instrument was an electric battery. Because it was a modern instrument of science, men could hardly realise that it was being used as an ancient instrument of torture. Nobody would be allowed to torture with the old tools; it is much easier to use the new tools for the old tortures.

This is a simple and extreme example; but the same is true touching modern machinery that is much milder but considerably more powerful. It is true of the sort of machinery that we call monopoly. It is especially true of the sort of monopoly that is associated with great scientific inventions like wireless. The system set up for the new public organ is far more despotic than anyone would have tolerated in connection with the old public organs. A great number of the old fights for freedom, in this country, were connected with the liberty of printing. There are no old legends of fighting about the liberty of broadcasting. And because there is no legend of liberty, there is no liberty. It is exactly because broadcasting is one of the new discoveries that it can be safely organised by the methods of the old despotisms. If somebody were to say that there must be no printing except Government printing, all the political passions of three hundred years would be stirred to protest. But if somebody quietly announces that there is no wireless telegraphy except Government wireless telegraphy, there is nothing to stir up the mob to protest against the monopoly. There is no memory of old names in connection with the new things; and the populace will not fight to preserve a new thing that it has never possessed.

I am stating this historically and in the abstract; I am not discussing whether it was in every way a bad thing to make such a Government monopoly, or considering what were the alternatives, or even considering whether there was an alternative. I am merely noting the psychology of the affair, as it affects new machines and old monopolies. To say that the King has the only printing-press is to suggest that he has a historic engine of oppression, like a rack or a gallows. To say the King has the only neo-electric battery sounds merely as if he had a toy, that happened also to be a curiosity. It is easier to give a ruler old powers with new names. Oliver Cromwell was regarded with great suspicion as a military dictator, because he excelled as a leader of cavalry, which was then recognised as the decisive factor in fighting. But if he had happened to possess

the first example of a gas-bomb, I doubt whether it would have troubled anybody, much more than the fact that he did, I think, possess one of the first teapots. Prince Rupert, at the same period, was feared as a veteran of the old Thirty Years' War, and not as a scientific gentleman playing with chemicals in the new Royal Society. Prince Rupert's explosives would have been considered as harmless as Prince Rupert's drops. Yet it was the research into things like the drops that might have led to things like the modern explosives. When discovery is really new, or at an early stage, it always has this appearance of being either a toy or an entirely unfamiliar and unwieldy tool. The use of it is already an eccentricity; it is not hard to make it a privilege.



THE CHAIR USED BY CHARLES I. AT HIS TRIAL: A RELIC OF THE MARTYR KING, AND A FINE EXAMPLE OF EARLY STUART UPHOLSTERY, TO BECOME A NATIONAL TREASURE.

This historic chair, used by Charles I. at his trial, has been preserved for some years in the Cottage Hospital at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire. The hospital Governors recently decided to sell it for £550. The Victoria and Albert Museum offered £450, and £100 was contributed by the National Art Collections Fund. The chair was bequeathed to the hospital by a member of the Sands-Cox family, descended from Archbishop Juxon, who, as Chaplain to Charles I., and at that time Bishop of Hereford, attended him on the scaffold. The King had presented the chair to him after the trial. After the King's execution Bishop Juxon was deprived of his see, and retired to his home at Little Compton, only a few miles from Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Proof of the chair's authenticity is given in Mr. Allan Fea's book, "Memoirs of the Martyr King." It is a fine example of an early seventeenth-century X-shaped chair, with the original upholstery in dark-red velvet, and two cushions in the seat.

There is in the nature of things no great popular push for its universal use; at least, until too late. That is alone enough to explain how, age after age, the instruments of military science slip easily into the hands of princes and rulers.

Edmund Burke perceived this, in so far as he said that a new tyranny would not bear written upon its front the name of Ship Money. He might have added that it would have a much better chance if it bore the title of Air-Ship Money. The Parliamentarians might quote (or misquote) the Great Charter

about the law of the land; but they could not pretend that their mediæval document laid down a similar law of the air. They might be right or wrong in their interpretations of old justiciars and jurists about a tax on ships; but they could not claim that those old bishops and judges had a fiscal policy about flying-ships. The inference is that, if King Charles the First had really happened to possess a fleet of biplanes or monoplanes, it would have been very much more difficult for the Parliamentary lawyers to make out a case against him. It seems only too probable that Charles would have been sailing triumphantly over England and dropping fire and melted lead on Westminster Hall, while the reformers were anxiously looking up the chronicles of King John and Simon de Montfort to find out what they had said about aviation. In short, it is much harder to keep a new instrument than an old instrument out of the hands of any person, and especially any official person, who may take it into his head to use it. The very fact that the power is only just discovered means that the right is not yet defined. Indeed, something like this imaginary history of Charles I. was in truth the real history of Oliver Cromwell. His New Model really was in many ways a New Model, like the new model of a patent invention. His sort of standing army was so different from the old militia of England, and so dependent on the new militarism of Europe, that even those who detested it hardly knew how to define their detestation. Even those who felt the situation to be lawless could hardly put their finger on the law. In the same way, even those in our own time who feel monopoly to be dangerous often do not know how to define the danger. And they are most of all at a loss when it is not a monopoly in any of the old materials, like the monopolies that moved their fathers to revolt; when it is not a monopoly in salt or wine or wool or bread, but a monopoly in a vast rush of invisible words winging their way across the world.

I am raising this question here only in a light and speculative manner; but it is already clear that the question will be raised. The curious thesis of the broadcasting authorities about not admitting material that they call "controversial" has appeared several times of late in a somewhat menacing manner. That veto on anything controversial is alone enough to produce controversy. Mr. Philip Guedalla has practically declared that it means that all the controversy is to be on the Government side. That is exactly what anybody would always have said about a Government printing-press; only nobody thought of saying it about anything so new as a Government broadcasting station. Captain Reginald Berkeley has complained that his play was rejected, not because there was a quarrel in it, but because in that political quarrel the Conservative was not artificially allowed to have the best of it. I am not pronouncing here upon the correctness of these charges; I am only pointing out the inevitable nature of these quarrels,

when we choose to assume that a power that is political can never be partial. But, above all, I am pointing out that we do in fact permit such privileges because we find it very difficult to apply old principles to new inventions. The new invention is not protected by the old liberty; so it falls under the old tyranny. Men venture, in the exact sense of the words, to take liberties with it, which they would never venture to take with an older thing in which the liberties had been long guaranteed. If we do not guard against this tendency, every addition to our luxuries will mean a loss of our liberties.

THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN AS SEEN IN EUROPE: PARIS STUDIES.



IN THE FUR CLOAK ADMIRER BY PARISIAN WOMEN: THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN WITH M. PAINLEVÉ, THE FRENCH WAR MINISTER (ON LEFT) AT A CEREMONY AT THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S GRAVE NEAR THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



"DARK-HAIRED, YET FAIRER THAN MANY ITALIAN AND SPANISH WOMEN": THE AFGHAN QUEEN.

The Queen of Afghanistan, who since her arrival in Europe has discarded the veil and adopted European costume, has captivated the Parisians by her charm and beauty and dignified presence, while all the women have admired her stylish dress, and especially her magnificent furs and pearl ear-rings. King Amanullah's official visit to Paris ended on January 27, and he and the Queen are remaining there as private visitors until February 8, when they are due in Brussels. Both have become extremely popular. The King's elder son is a student at a college in Passy, and is to receive his military education at St. Cyr. His younger boy,

aged six, has accompanied his parents to Europe. The King and Queen are devoted to children, and during their voyage in the "Rajputana," from India to Egypt, King Amanullah distributed toys to all the children on board. It was during this voyage that the Queen and Princesses first appeared unveiled, and joined in society and deck sports. She is described as "dark-haired, yet fairer than many Italian and Spanish women." The "Almanach de Gotha" states that "King Amanullah married at Kabul, in 1922, the daughter of Mahmud Tarsi, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Afghanistan in Paris."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

"LEND ME YOUR EARS"—A NEW AID TO SCOTLAND YARD.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

SCOTLAND YARD, for many years past, has pursued a course of making criminals convict themselves by means of their own finger-prints. These are records taken of the ridges or lines which mark the tips of the under-surface of the fingers and thumb, forming distinct patterns differing in every individual and never changing their form. Along these ridges, if examined with a magnifying glass, innumerable and minute pits will be seen; these are the apertures of the sweat-glands.

Their unchanging and, we may add, their peculiarly "personal" character was first discovered by the late Sir Francis Galton. Later (I cannot at the moment trace exactly when) it occurred to Sir Edward Henry, who afterwards became Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, that the individual character and constancy of these patterns would prove a magnificent aid towards the identification of criminals.

Thousands and thousands of prints are now classified and docketed for comparison at the "Yard," and, provided the impression is sufficiently good, their

them off he would at once make himself conspicuous among his fellow-men. Ears, like finger-prints, are peculiarly personal: in no two individuals are they exactly alike. And they have the further disconcerting trick of differing slightly in form on the two sides of the head, thus making the task of identification still easier. Since ears are now to come so much to the fore, there are many, probably, who will be glad to make of them a careful study: and this will be made the more easy if the several parts of the ear are committed to memory.

To begin with, the term "ear" in popular speech refers only to what is technically known as the "pinna," or "auricle," or "external ear," as distinct from the complicated apparatus which forms the true organ of hearing within the skull; for the external ear serves the purpose only of a sound-collector; and, in some animals, as in the mole, seal, whales, and dugongs, there is no visible ear. In the whale-tribe, at any rate in the smaller species, the aperture leading to the internal ear has to be sought with a magnifying-glass.

In the photograph of a human ear seen below (Fig. 4), the following parts should be made note of. The outer rim, it will be seen, is turned over to form an overhanging ledge. This is known as the "helix." When a number of ears come to be examined, a surprising range of variation will be found in the form of this helix. In some the amount of overhang is very slight. Sometimes, again, near the upper third of the overturned rim is a small

triangular projection. This is known as "Darwin's point," for he showed that it answered to the tip of the ear in the smaller monkeys, wherein the helix has hardly any overturned ledge (Fig. 3). Surrounded by the helix is the "anti-helix," which, at its upper end, commonly terminates in a fork with very wide arms. Sometimes this anti-helix is very prominent. The helix and anti-helix together pass downwards into the "lobe" of the ear, which, again, is very variable in point of size. In some people it is very feebly developed, a distinctly displeasing feature. At the top of the lobe is a rounded projection called the "anti-tragus," because it faces a similar lobe projecting backwards from the face, and known as the "tragus." In bats this is often enormously developed. Finally, the space enclosed between the tragus and anti-tragus is known as the "cavum conchæ."

Such are the broad features of the ear, but, directly it comes to be critically examined, it will be found that it displays a bewildering range of variety in regard to the development of the several parts just described. I would draw particular attention to the helix at the point where it usually disappears into the face, so to speak; for often it will be found instead to sweep downwards and backwards to lie well under the lower limb of the anti-helix, as in Fig. 4. Four pairs of muscles lie between the skin and the cartilage of the helix, tragus, and anti-tragus; but, as these are now reduced to mere useless vestiges, their names need not bother us.

An attempt has been made to show that the various races of men have characteristic types of ears; but so far without any very convincing results. One might have supposed that the negro would furnish us with a primitive type of ear; but this is by no means the case, for his ears are commonly extremely well formed. Among the lower animals, those only which show any sort of likeness to the human race in the matter of ears are the higher apes—the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and the orang; and, as will be

seen in the adjoining photographs (Figs. 1 and 2), this likeness is indisputable.

There is, however, one curious and inexplicable difference between them, and this concerns their size. For they are relatively enormous in the chimpanzee, and small in the gorilla and orang. Since these animals are all forest-dwellers, one would have expected to find them rather large in all. The forest-dwelling okapi and the forest-haunting antelopes have huge ears. We meet, of course, with a parallel in the case of the African and Indian elephants. And I shall probably be reminded that the horses and the asses, which resemble one another in their haunts, differ as conspicuously as the elephants in the size



FIG. 1. SMALLER THAN THE EAR OF THE CHIMPANZEE (ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 2) AND MUCH MORE LIKE THE HUMAN EAR (ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 4: THE EAR OF AN ORANG-UTAN.

Having regard to the fact that the orang is a forest-dweller, like the chimpanzee, the smallness of the ear is not easy to explain. Possibly the acoustics of the Bornean forests differ in a marked degree from those of the forests of Africa. The likeness between the ear of the orang and the human ear is closer than in the chimpanzee.



FIG. 2. RATHER LIKE THE HUMAN EAR, BUT LACKING THE THICK FOLDED RIM CALLED THE HELIX: THE LARGE EAR OF A CHIMPANZEE.

The ear of the chimpanzee certainly bears a likeness to the human ear, but it lacks the thickened, over-turned edge forming the helix. Other points of difference will become apparent by comparing the one with the other.

of their ears. Where closely related forms, like the rabbit and the hare, differ conspicuously in the size of the ear, we shall probably find, when the matter comes to be intensively studied, that the key to the mystery lies partly, at any rate, in the structure of the inner ear.

Though man has nowhere shown, up till now, any particular interest in the form of his ears, he, and he alone, has displayed a lively consciousness of their existence by using them as convenient places from which to hang ornaments. From the earliest times, men and women alike, civilised and savage, have pandered to their vanity in this regard. In some

African tribes the women pierce the lobe and enlarge the aperture till it forms a great hole, into which they thrust enormous "ornaments." Some hang shells along the whole length of the helix. In my youth it was the custom among men to wear a thin gold ring in the lobe as a cure for short-sightedness!

Some may ask: "Why this sudden cult of the ear? Why not take up the shape of the eye, nose, or mouth?" A very little observation will show that these afford by no means so ready a means of comparison, nor are they so fixed in character from youth to age. Some extremely useful results are likely to be available to the man of science in a few years by a study of the material collected by Scotland Yard in their survey of evildoers.



FIG. 3. SHOWING DARWIN'S POINT (A), CORRESPONDING TO A SMALL TRIANGULAR PROJECTION IN SOME HUMAN EARS: THE EAR OF AN "OLD WORLD" MONKEY.

While the higher apes closely resemble man in the form of the ear, this resemblance is less marked in the smaller monkeys of the Old and New Worlds. The next nearest relations of the apes and monkeys are the lemurs, and in these the ears may be described as "dog-like."

evidence is indisputable. But nowadays the astute burglar takes the precaution to wear gloves, so that he leaves no clue behind on the scene of his raid. But his accusing record awaits him if, and when, he is arrested on suspicion.

A second string is now to be added to the bow which is bent against the criminal. To the record of his finger-print there will henceforth be added a photograph of his ears. So long as he is at large the peculiarities of this most useful member need not worry him; but he will be obliged to keep them, for should he take the desperate course of cutting

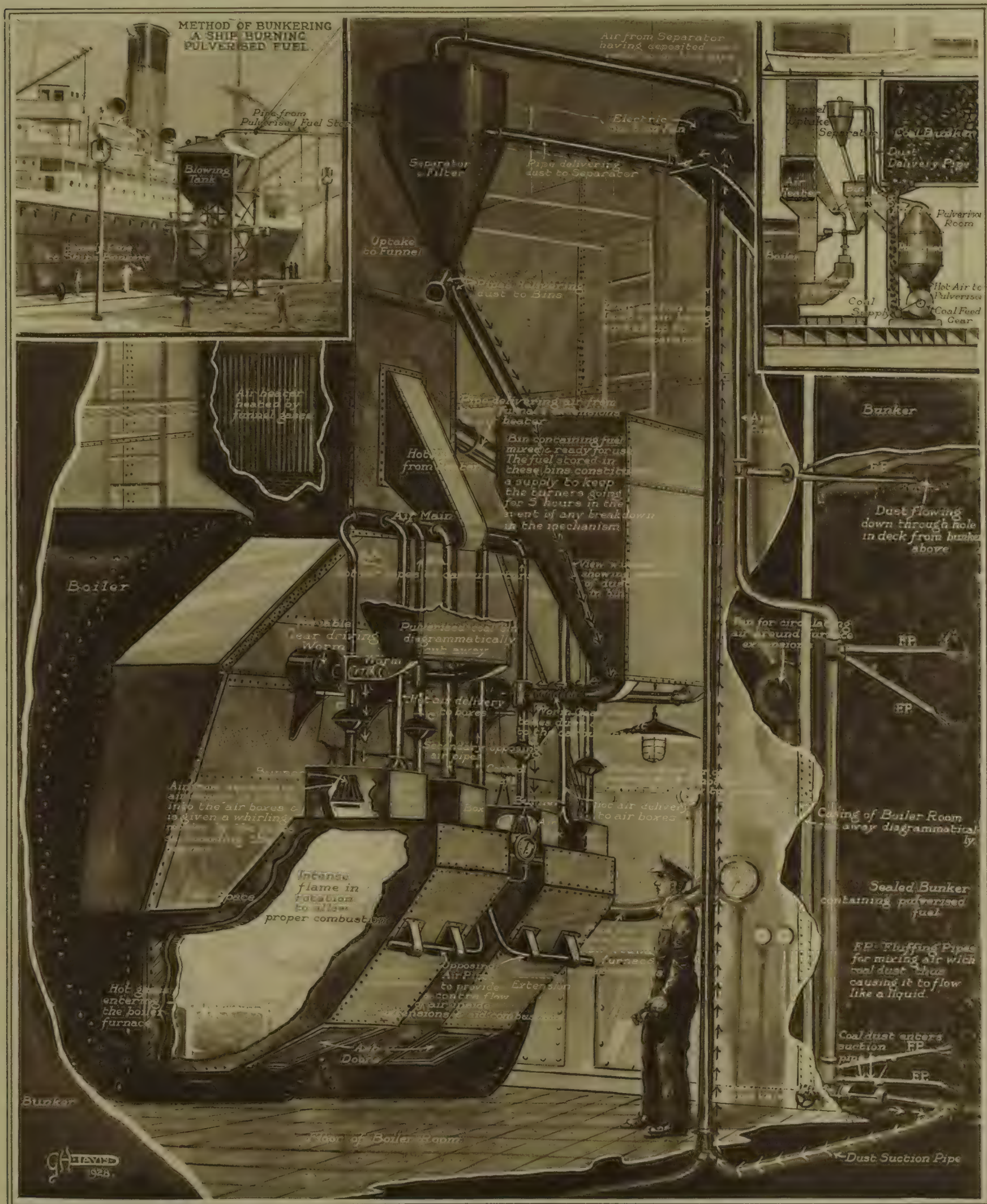


FIG. 4. AN ORGAN TO JOIN THE FINGER-PRINT AS A MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS: A SPECIMEN OF THE HUMAN EAR, WHICH IS DIFFERENT IN EVERY INDIVIDUAL.

The human ear shown in this photograph may well be taken as a standard of comparison for the study of ears; and it will quickly be found that no two ears are alike. Some, in addition to peculiarities described in the text, are conspicuous on account of their size, or of the way they stand out from the head. The letters indicate (A) Helix, (B) Anti-helix, (C) Scapha, (D) Tragus, (E) Anti-tragus, (F) Fossa tragus, (G) Concha, or Cavum Conchæ, (H) Lobe. In this ear the anti-tragus is not well defined.

HOPE FOR COAL: A NEW FUEL CRUSHED TO "FACE-POWDER" FINENESS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY "B. AND L." POWDERED FUEL LTD. (SEE ARTICLE ON A LATER PAGE). (COPYRIGHTED.)



HOW PULVERISED COAL IS USED ABOARD SHIP: A NEW FUEL THAT MAY SAVE THE MINING INDUSTRY—SAID TO BE CHEAPER THAN OIL AND ELIMINATING THE GRIMY TASK OF "COALING."

Our artist has illustrated here the new system of using pulverised coal—crushed to the fineness of women's face-powder—as fuel for marine boilers, claimed to be cheaper than oil and equally clean. On a later page we give an article describing the mechanism aboard ship, and the method of "coaling ship" by blowing coal-dust into bunkers, as seen in the top left drawing. Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the International Miners' Federation, stated lately that 40 million tons of pulverised coal are used on land in various parts of the world. "The combustion engineers of our day," he said, "are the real saviours of our coal trade," and "steam-raising from pulverised coal . . . will soon pass from

use on land to use on the high seas." Discussing these statements, Sir Richard Redmayne, the eminent consulting mining engineer, expressed his belief that the Mercantile Marine would soon use coal instead of oil, and that it would be cheaper to use steam turbines with powdered coal, than the internal combustion engines—an opinion (he added) warranted by the results obtained in the S.S. "Mercer," which had arrived at Rotterdam, from America, using, for the first time, powdered coal instead of oil. The "Mercer," whose voyage was experimental, belongs to the United States Shipping Board. No change was made in her boilers, but pulverising machinery was installed.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS year, I understand, we are to celebrate a number of centenaries; in fact, the centenary habit seems to be growing upon us. I suppose it is good for business, like Christmas and Easter; at any rate, it is good for the publishing business, for it is not only the begetter of new books, but it adds the charm of topicality to sundry old books from which the bloom of novelty has faded.

The primary cause of these reflections is at once old and new—an up-to-date revision of a famous work of reference, namely—"GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS." Third Edition. Edited by H. C. Colles, M.A. (Oxon.). In five volumes. With 96 full-page illustrations, including 24 in Colour. (Macmillan; cloth, 30s. per volume. Also special edition in half morocco, 40s. each.) The first two volumes (A to C and D to J respectively) have already been noticed here, and of Volumes III. and IV. (K to O and P to Sonatina), now to hand, I can only say that they increase my admiration for the all-round excellence of this great production. Its vast stores of information, representing infinite care in research, combined with criticisms and appreciations which have now been harmonised with modern taste, confirm and renew the position of "Grove" as the acknowledged "Bible" of music.

The only drawback I have observed in the arrangement of the work is that some of the portraits in black-and-white do not accompany the corresponding articles, and are not always even in the same volume. On the other hand, the plan adopted compensates by bringing together on the same plate, in pairs or groups, portraits of musicians whose kinship is artistic or national, though not alphabetical.

My allusion to centenaries was due to the fact that Volume IV. of "Grove" contains a full and fascinating memoir of Franz Schubert, the Keats of music, who died on Nov. 19, 1828, at the age of thirty-one, and was buried close to the great master whom he revered and whose centenary was kept last year. Thus Schubert is, literally, with Beethoven, as Keats is, spiritually, "with Shakespeare." The memoir was in its original form, I eventually discovered, the work of Sir George Grove himself. I say "eventually," because the initials attached to the long articles, and usually sandwiched between them and a bibliography, are exceedingly inconspicuous, and, when found, have then to be translated into names by reference to the list of contributors. This is the same method used in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and I should welcome some less tortuous way of indicating authorship.

Having recently seen the revival of "Lilac Time," I found it interesting to trace the historical basis of that musical character-sketch. Apart from the real Schubert's diminutive stature (he was only five-foot-one), the stage portrait appears to be a faithful one. Says "Grove": "He was never really at his ease except among his chosen associates. When with them he was genial and compliant. At the dances of his friends he would extemporise the most lovely waltzes for hours together, or accompany song after song. He was even boisterous—playing the 'Erl King' on a comb, fencing, howling, and making many practical jokes. But in good society he was shy and silent, his face grave; a word of dispraise distressed him; he would repel the admiration when it came, and escape into the next room, or out of the house, at the first possible moment."

The Schubert of "Lilac Time," though a backward wooer, is not impervious to love, nor incapable of evoking it; but of the real Schubert we are told: "He does not appear to have cared for the other sex, or to have been attractive to them as Beethoven was, notwithstanding his ugliness."

Two of the names included in these volumes of "Grove," those of Rimsky-Korsakov and Rossini, figure among the composers mentioned in a work where music is associated with other arts—namely, "SOME STUDIES IN BALLET." Being the Impressions of an Art Critic on Ballet in general and the Russian Ballet in particular. By Arnold L. Haskell. Numbered edition, published in England for "Les Amis du Ballet Classique" (Lanley and Co., South Kensington; 25s.). This large paper-covered book was printed in Paris, very tastefully, but is not wholly free from typographical errors. The list of contents and illustrations are to be found at the very end, after the appendices. It is dedicated "To Vera Trefilova, who represents to the author all that is purest in dancing," and includes several exquisite portraits of her and of Karsavina, Pavlova, Nemtchinova, Alicia Markova, and Anton Dolin.

Besides discriminating studies of popular dancers and choregraphists (among the latter he counts Fokine the "one big name"), the author writes trenchantly on various aspects of ballet in general, and here he does not prophesy smooth things. He is, in fact, a strenuous opponent of recent developments. Thus, concerning *décor*, he says: "The modern scenic artist has killed ballet—and given us nothing in its stead. The first period was harmonious; the second colourful, romantic; the third, plastically remarkable; the fourth is artistic bolshevism." Again: "The modern 'acroballet' is artificially maintained, and must eventually die. Whether it will kill ballet or not depends on the time it takes in dying." But I thought the scenic artist had already killed it? Perhaps it has nine lives, and he only killed one of them.

Ballet is one of those arts that flourish chiefly in great

In the long list of Mr. Stephen Graham's previous works is "London Nights," and this can now be bracketed with "LONDON NIGHTS OF LONG AGO." By Shaw Desmond. With twenty-eight illustrations (Duckworth; 25s.). "Long" is an elastic word, and Mr. Desmond's past is not so very remote—a mere matter of a quarter of a century: not too far away for me (and many of us) to remember knifeboard buses and the first motor-cars, bloomers and divided skirts, Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. Such is the "long ago" that is here so brightly described and pictured. In those days "the Czar of all the Russias still balanced his crown and sceptre, and 'the Czar's own Balalaika Orchestra' has come to town, solitary pioneer of artistic Russia, of Karsavinas and Pavlovas, and the strange beauty of the Russian Ballet."

One curious coincidence I note between Mr. Desmond's book and Mr. Graham's. Mr. Desmond quotes an old song, "the immortal 'Because I love you,' written by Mr. Charles Horwitz and composed by Mr. F. V. Bowers," and bellowed through many a Cockney throat in the 'nineties and early nineteen-hundreds. Mr. Graham describes modern New Yorkers at the Dixie Night Club waltzing "indolently to the strains of Irving Berlin's lachrymose love song—

Though you left a tear
As a souvenir
It doesn't matter, dear,
Because I love you."

Even in sentimental song, it seems, history may repeat itself.

If I glance but briefly at the other books on London and Paris—"capital" books in every sense—my brevity must not be taken as the measure of their merit. I can promise their readers much delight both to the mind and to the eye. Our own city has been transformed during the last thirty years, and the principal architectural changes are well described and abundantly illustrated in "LONDON REBUILT," 1897-1927. By Harold Clunn (Murray; 18s.). It sets me "revolving many memories." So also does "THIS LONDON: ITS TAVERNS, HAUNTS AND MEMORIES." By R. Thurston Hopkins. Illustrated (Cecil Palmer; 10s. 6d.). Happy is the man who can dedicate his book to his publisher, as Mr. Hopkins does. "It is one more adventure that we have shared." In his peregrinations he cleverly blends the present with the past, often taking us back to a "long ago" much longer ago than that of Mr. Desmond.

In the merging of past and present "This London" is akin to "A BOOK ABOUT PARIS." By George and Pearl Adam. With sixteen Pictures by H. Franks Waring (Cape; 12s. 6d.). Having lived in Paris for fifteen years, the authors write from the fulness of experience, both as to its historical associations and its modern life, and they give interesting comparisons of the Parisian with the Briton and the American. The illustrations are charming. The past rather than the present has appealed to the author of "PARIS ROSEMARY." In Remembrance of Bygone Scenes and Circumstances. By Sir John W. Simpson. With eighteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). Here we have, as it were, short stories in historical romance, with a Parisian setting, a collection of episodes retold in vivid form. One shows that Carlyle's phrase, "a whiff of grape-shot," very inadequately described a critical and complicated street battle. The present rather than the past, by contrast, has inspired "ON A PARIS ROUNDABOUT." By Jan Gordon. With twenty-two illustrations by the Author. (Lane; 12s. 6d.). It is a gossipy and humorous chronicle of modern Bohemians, foregrounding ever and anon at a homely café. The author himself describes it as "neither history nor romance; it is a little Parisian scandal whispered in your ear."

In this connection it will not be out of place to note an addition to a popular series of travel books by the author of "So You're Going to Paris." The new volume, "SO YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE." By Clara E. Laughlin. With twenty-three illustrations (Methuen; 10s. 6d.) covers the rest of the country in seven tours, mingling history with description and information very agreeably. These books owe their charm to the writer's genuine desire that her readers should enjoy themselves, and find travel "restful and recreative," not "a rather terrible ordeal" with a surfeit of museums and cathedrals.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any contributions being unsuitable for "The Illustrated London News" we will, at the request of the sender, pass the material to our own distributing agency, in order that it may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

cities, and there is a certain appropriateness, therefore, in passing from that subject to a group of books about the three leading cities of the modern world. To the list of notable English studies of American life published of late (such as Philip Guedalla's "Conquistador," and "New York," by "Quex"), has now to be added Mr. Stephen Graham's delightfully intimate and revealing book, "NEW YORK NIGHTS" (Benn; 12s. 6d.). Somehow I had regarded Mr. Graham as a writer more concerned with the austerities than the frivolities of life. I did him an injustice; he is with Terence in the principle of *nihil humani*, and he states it thus: "What actually occurs in a city like New York, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is valuable, if it is significant. The answer to the question, 'How do men live?' always seems to me to be the true object of descriptive writing."

Among the "significant" things he saw in New York were many night clubs and "speakeasies," and some frankly sensuous modes of dancing at an establishment called Blossom Land. Here we get a distant echo of ballet. "A more pretty type is the imitation Pavlova continually doing the dying swan, retiring one leg behind and scraping an arc on the ball-room floor in mock death." But, after all, I think, there is a serious background to Mr. Graham's lively picture of the frivolous. As he said to Mrs. Tom Lamont: "You find God and the devil very close to one another. You stand a very fair chance of having a religious experience in a night club if your soul is due to have one."

NATURE'S GARGOYLES: LIVING "DOUBLES" OF STONE BEASTS ON NOTRE DAME.

STRONGLY
RESEMBLING
THE GARGOYLE
IN THE
ADJOINING
PHOTOGRAPH
IN ATTITUDE AND
FACIAL
EXPRESSION:
AN AMERICAN BAT
FROM GUIANA.



A MEDIAEVAL SCULPTOR'S PROPHETIC PROTOTYPE OF THE AMERICAN BAT FROM GUIANA, SHOWN OPPOSITE: A GARGOYLE ON THE SOUTH TOWER OF NOTRE DAME.



NATURE'S
COUNTERPART TO
THE STONE
GARGOYLE
ILLUSTRATED IN
THE ADJOINING
PHOTOGRAPH:
THE
SLOW-FOOTED
LORIS, AN INDIAN
ANIMAL OF THE
LEMUR TRIBE.



A MEDIAEVAL PARALLEL IN STONE TO THE LORIS SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: AN ANIMAL FIGURE ON THE SOUTH TOWER OF NOTRE DAME.



A LIVING IMAGE OF THE MEDIAEVAL GARGOYLE SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: AN AMERICAN MONKEY WITH SIMILARLY GAPING MOUTH.



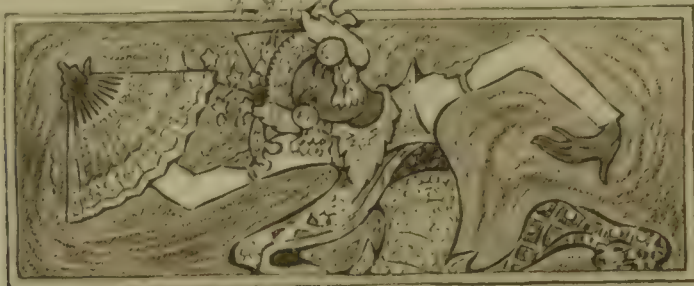
WITH MOUTH AGAPE JUST LIKE THE MONKEY OPPOSITE, AND IN A SIMILAR ATTITUDE: A NOTRE DAME GARGOYLE FASHIONED BEFORE THE MONKEY WAS KNOWN.

Nature provides some remarkable parallels to the famous gargoyles and stone beasts of Notre Dame. "The visitor who climbs the towers," says a Parisian writer, "finds himself suddenly transported into a strange world worthy of the Satanic imagination of Baudelaire or Edgar Poe. At the angle of a wall, crouched on a parapet, leaning against galleries, or dangling over the void, is a race of mythical monsters, serpents, demons forked and horned, jeering, threatening, and grimacing. It makes one dream of Quasimodo and some fantastic menagerie changed to stone by an enchanter's spell. The fancy of mediæval artists gave shape to most unexpected forms. Reading in "Notre Dame de Paris" the famous

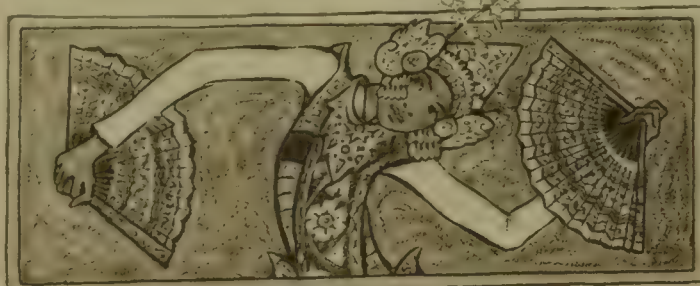
chapter, "Ceci tuera Cela," one can believe, with Hugo, that there existed here, and in all the cathedrals of France, a definite system of symbolism. Here is an amusing study. Compare these gargoyles on the south tower of Notre Dame with the grimaces of the living animals that face them! In form, attitude, and gesture the likeness is remarkable, so much so that the creature of flesh and blood might seem to have inspired the figure of stone. Thus the mediæval sculptor unconsciously guessed, or anticipated, shapes and attitudes which Nature had brought into actual being thousands of miles away, some of them destined to remain unknown to Europeans until centuries after the sculptor's death."

SNAKE-LIKE AND FLOWER-CROWNED: UNIQUE DANCERS OF BALI.

Drawings by TYRA DE KLEEN, AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPLE DANCES OF BALI." (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



1. THE FAN IN BALINESE SACRED DANCES: A TEMPLE DANCER, WITH ELABORATE FLOWER-CROWNED HEAD-DRESS (GALUNGAN) AND A LEGONG FAN MADE OF PRADA (GOLD-LEAF ORNAMENTS GLUED ON SILK).



2. MANIPULATING A LEGONG FAN IN EITHER HAND: A TEMPLE DANCER OF BALI IN HER PICTURESQUE COSTUME, AS SEEN ALSO IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION (NO. 1) AND, FULL-LENGTH, IN NO. 9, BELOW.



3. A MEMBER OF THE GAMELANG (NATIVE ORCHESTRA) ACCOMPANYING TEMPLE DANCES: A BALINESE FLAUTIST.



4. A BALINESE EQUIVALENT OF THE VIOLIN IN A TEMPLE ORCHESTRA: A PERFORMER ON THE REBAB.



5. A DANCER PUSHING DOWN ONE OF THE UMBRELLAS HELD BY A BOY AT EACH CORNER OF THE "STAGE," TILL IT TOUCHES THE GROUND, AND SPRINGS UP AGAIN.



6. PLAYING A DOUBLE DRUM AT BOTH ENDS WITH THE FINGERS: ONE OF THE ORCHESTRA AT A TEMPLE DANCE.



7. PLAYING THE BIG GONG: A STRIKING INSTRUMENT IN A BALINESE TEMPLE ORCHESTRA.



8. IN A "HALO" OF COCONUT SHELL RAVED WITH FLOWERS, BUDS, AND CRIMSON BEANS: A DANCING GIRL.



9. A SNAKE-LIKE FIGURE ATTAINED BY BANDAGING THE BODY FROM BABYHOOD.



10. THE BOW-AND-ARROW MOVEMENT IN A BALINESE TEMPLE DANCE: A QUAIN SERPENTINE ATTITUDE.



11. WEARING A LONG BLACK WIG FLECKED WITH FLOWERS, LIKE INVERTED ERMINE: A BALINESE DANCER.

The temple dances of Bali (an island near Java) are highly picturesque. "What are now merely dances," writes Miss Tyra de Kleen, "were originally old plays with Hindu subjects, mostly from the *Mahabharata*. Unlike the rest of the Balinese, who go about half naked, the dancing girls are entirely covered except their faces, hands, and feet. The golden parts of their dresses—the *galungan*, or head-covering; the short coat over their shoulders; and the *bebadong* (breast-shield)—are cut out in gilded leather with transparent ornaments, and decorated with encrusted stones or pieces of coloured glass. Their other garments are mostly home-woven, or else *prada* work—that is, gold leaf glued on silk—but always full

of ornaments. On the *galungan* fresh flowers are always fixed. Sometimes a huge black wig hangs down (No. 11), with flowers fastened in its hair. In some dances the head-covering consists of a coconut shell, cut out as a half-moon, with radiating wires, on each of which is fastened a fresh flower, bud, or crimson bean (No. 8). This forms a huge halo in yellow, white, and red. The outer circle is made of pointed buds, or sometimes native cigarettes. Dancing girls have to be unnaturally slender and snake-like. Therefore their bodies are bound up in something like strong puttees, serving as corsets, from early babyhood. The *gamelang* is an orchestra of strange instruments."

IN LOTUS-FILLED HEAD-DRESSES OF SOLID GOLD: BALI CHILD DANCERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. W. DOUGLAS BURDEN. (SEE PAGE 176.)



"BOUND UP . . . LIKE TWO LITTLE MUMMIES": TEN-YEAR-OLD TEMPLE DANCING-GIRLS—FAN-PLAY AND POSTURING.

As we note on our page dealing with Mr. W. Douglas Burden's book, "Dragon Lizards of Komodo," one of the "sights" the Expedition saw in Bali, "the lazy, languorous island," were two of the famous dancing-girls of the Hindu temples. "Bound up, they were, like two little mummies, in brilliantly coloured brocades, their head-dresses of solid gold filled with the sacred lotus flower. Picture these exotic, painted little creatures sitting like statues under the shade of a giant

warigan tree." These children, who are trained from babyhood and are compelled to stop their ceremonial gyrations when they reach puberty, twist and turn in such contortions as only a child of their tender years can achieve. The dances are symbolic, illustrating ancient Hindu legends. It is quite usual for one to last from thirty to forty minutes, during which every muscle of the body is brought into play.

After Sixty Million Years: A Living "Dragon."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"**DRAGON LIZARDS OF KOMODO**": By W. DOUGLAS BURDEN.*

(PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

MR. DOUGLAS BURDEN and his "companion in the adventure of life"—"It is great to be the wife of a naturalist. Every woman should try it once, to prove her love for her husband. . . . What courage, merely to laugh shrilly when a centipede emerges from one's trousers, when roaches build their nests in one's boots, and the ticklings of thousands of legs denote the presence of ants, spiders, beetles, ticks, and fleas, by day and by night!"—Mr. Douglas Burden and his wife went dragon-

creatures, sitting like statues under the shade of a giant waringan tree. Behind them are some twenty golden instruments which with a sudden burst of fascinating music bring the small dancers to life. They twist and turn in such marvellous contortions as only a child can achieve. All the dancers are trained from babyhood, but must stop as soon as they reach puberty. Each dance is symbolic, and recounts some ancient Hindu legend. They last for thirty or forty minutes, during which every muscle is brought into the most exquisite play. One of the children was a real paragon, and would rank with the best dancers of any land. It was all flat-footed on uneven ground, yet the grace, control and suppleness were incomparable."

All that left behind, energy was the order; the herpetological expedition was in full swing. Strange things were seen—and a number of them "bagged"; amongst them, at Sapi and elsewhere, "the famous walking fish (*Periophthalmus*), or mud-skippers, most extraordinary creatures which, by flipping their tails, can jump along the beach at a truly astonishing speed. The pelvic fins, which have migrated forward and now lie anterior to the pectorals, are used much as a gecko uses its adhesive disks"; and such "treasure trove" as the four classes of poisonous snakes, a composite curse Komodo shares only with India. The dugong, unluckily, was an absentee. Mr. Burden regretted it exceedingly. "On our way to 'The Dog,'" he writes, "I asked the Malays if there were any dugongs or sea-cows (*Trichechidae*) in these waters. When they answered in the negative, I was much disappointed, and yet, knowing how these people value the tear-drops of a dugong as a love-potion, I was certain that the statement was correct. The child-like belief in the efficacy of the tear-drops of these great marine mammals still exists. It is firmly believed that any man carrying such a love-potion—that is, a vial of dugong tear-drops—exerts such a powerful spell over any beautiful woman that she will flee from her husband to seek the charmer's favour. I leave it to my readers to estimate, in pure gold, the value of these drops. Could I but obtain some dugong puppies and teach them to cry, a fortune would be mine."

But that is mostly digression. The chief quest was the huge Komodo lizard, *Varanus komodoensis*, a specimen now to be seen in our own "Zoo," and illustrated in our pages from time to time, notably, thanks to Mr. Burden's fine photographs, in our issue of May 28, 1927. It was most successful.

The Dutch license allowed for the taking of fifteen "dragons," dead or alive: the actual captures numbered fourteen, including two live adults, fine examples of "V.k.", whose family tree was already rooted some three-score million years ago! The explorer explains: "I have been asked repeatedly if it is really true that these beasts are prehistoric—that favourite epithet of the newspapers—and, for the reason that the term is rather meaningless, I confess to finding the question difficult to answer. In the literal sense, every living organism is prehistoric, for are we not all, man included, the outcome of millions of years of evolution? If, however, the word has come to mean great age with little change, it is correctly applied to these carnivorous lizards of Komodo. For the truth is that they are the oldest of living lizards, dating as a genus back to early Eocene time, the beginning of the age of mammals. In other words, the ponderous reptiles that we watched and caught and killed among the volcanic pinnacles of an East Indian island are, with only a few specific differences, exactly the same as those that were crawling over the face of this earth over sixty million years ago."

To this is added: "It is interesting to note, however, that the species *komodoensis* is not the largest which the genus has evolved. There was one still greater which we know lived during the Stone Age of man, in Northern Australia. This beast was thirty feet long and weighed, it has been estimated, over three thousand pounds. I was glad we did not find them disporting themselves on Komodo."

The "V.k.s" that fell to the Burdens, Dunn, and Defosse were, however, formidable enough in antediluvian attack! Classification and the comparison of notes yielded the conclusion: "*Varanus komodoensis* is not known to reach a greater length than 3 metres," which, after all, indicates a sufficiency of aggressive possibilities!

The paramount weakness of the brute compels curiosity: it is stone deaf! For this it makes up by having eyesight that is much keener than that of a deer; and a strength that enabled one of its number, at least, to break its way through the strongest wire that could be obtained in

Batavia. This to say nothing of a crude cunning born of the eternal struggle to be amongst the fittest and so survive.

Two pictures: scenes of the past framed in the present. "I saw my first dragon lizard in the open. He was a monster—huge and hoary. . . . The lizard was working his way slowly down from the mountain crags. The sun slanted down the hill, so that a black shadow preceded the black beast as he came. It was a perfectly marvellous sight—a primordial monster in a primordial setting—sufficient to give any hunter a real thrill. . . . He stalked slowly and sedately along, obviously hunting for something in the grass, his yellow tongue working incessantly, his magnificent head swinging ponderously this way and that. . . . Against a background of sunburnt grass, this particular beast of my first encounter looked quite black with age, and I felt sure that he bore the battle scars of many a fierce encounter amid the deep recesses of the isle. Once, and once only, he stopped with his nose buried deep in the grass, as if scenting out some shrew or rat, or small lizard, in order to add another choice morsel to his already distended stomach. Three pigs dashed away at a distance, perhaps to give this great reptile the wide berth he deserved. Then, in some strange fashion, he suddenly eluded me and disappeared as completely as if the very earth had swallowed him."

The second canvas—by the Prehistoric Wood: The trap was baited. The lizard headed for the boma, hesitated, his snaky tongue in ceaseless motion. "I heard a vague hum in the distance," says the writer. "It grew louder and louder, and then, in a great roar, something seemed to be descending on our heads, as if an airplane were diving upon us with the engine full on. But it passed over us. The sound of millions of wings filled the air; a great swarm of bees passing low through the jungle. The sound died away again with a mysterious hum barely audible, and after that I was conscious of a deathly silence save for a slight rustling of leaves overhead. The big lizard still remained immovable, as though fascinated by a sound he could not even hear. Then, all of a sudden, it happened."

"He walked quickly up to the opening, stepped through the noose, and seized the bait. I jerked the release and it went off. The Dragon must have received the surprise of his life, for he found himself sailing into the air. At the same moment there was a terrible cracking, and as the beast, who had been literally thrown into the air, fell again, the rope tightened, and the spring pole cracked again and bent at the point of breakage, so that our prize, instead of being suspended in mid-air, was on the ground, tugging at the tether, which held him firmly about the middle. . . . It was time for Defosse to get into action. He had been practising with the lasso for months past, and accordingly he stepped into the ring. . . . The first throw missed. . . . The lizard was clawing frantically to get away. Defosse stepped up quite close behind him,



"JOHN BEAR," OF MALAYA—AND THE NATURALIST'S WIFE AND FELLOW TRAVELLER: MRS. W. DOUGLAS BURDEN WITH ONE OF THE PETS SHE COLLECTED, AT SINGAPORE.

John, a baby honey bear (*Ursus malayanus*), was collected at Singapore and was duly taken to New York, to become a perfect pet. At the time of his adoption he was about a month old.

hunting in the Dutch East Indies neither by way of Beachy Head, nor Goodwin Sands, nor Brighton Pier; nor, fortunately, did they end travelling to Paradise by way of Kensal Green, or whatever may be its New York equivalent! Their experiences, however, were Chestertonian enough—using the word in a purely Pickwickian sense.

In China they motored hectically through war; not the friendly fan-and-umbrella farce of old, but the civilised tragedy of killed and wounded and refugees, bullets, bombs, and bayonets, and the dripping swords of executioners. At Batavia they were met with the knowledge that Komodo had been made into a preserve, and had to obtain special permits. In Bali, "a lazy, languorous island . . . a land in which it seemed always afternoon," they lingered long enough to fail at that "nervous business" tiger-shooting; to admire the dancing-girls; to see the volcano of Batur in eruption; and to wonder at the holy places perfumed with the scent of the tuberose.

Bali, in fact, was the first lure tempting to lassitude and luxury, for it is "a toyland of coconut groves" with an attraction all its own, with a charm enhanced, if anything, by the native lack of false modesty and love for bright sarongs. The rumblings, the flames, the blood-red lava of Batur were impressive, terribly, titanically awe-inspiring—and of the village only the temple stood erect—but the children of the shrines banished the evil, embowering it in beauty. "Here the Hindu religion still holds sway," the traveller tells, "and the amazing, stone-carved gateways which form such striking and prominent architectural features are . . . a constant joy. . . . We saw the famous dancing-girls. Though only ten years old, they went through the most amazing gyrations. Bound up they were, like two little mummies, in brilliantly coloured brocades, their headdresses of solid gold, filled with the sacred lotus flower. Picture these exotic, painted little



"CUSCUSOO," OF THE ISLAND OF WETAR: THE PET FEEDING FROM A SPOON.

"The cuscus is a small marsupial, not unlike our own opossum, the first one, as it happens, of the Australian type that was ever observed by European eyes. It is arboreal, has a prehensile tail, and is nocturnal in its habits. . . . Whenever B. went to feed her, she unravelled herself, blinked in the sunshine, and then sat up on her hind legs. Holding a spoon in her little front paws, she would lick the contents dry."

Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. W. Douglas Burden.

while he was thus engaged in his struggles, and roped him about the neck. The end of the rope was made fast to a tree. A third rope about the tail, to prevent that weapon from doing damage, did the trick. There being no more danger, the Malays stepped bravely forward with their pole, hog-tied the unfortunate animal, lashed him to the pole, and started back to camp."

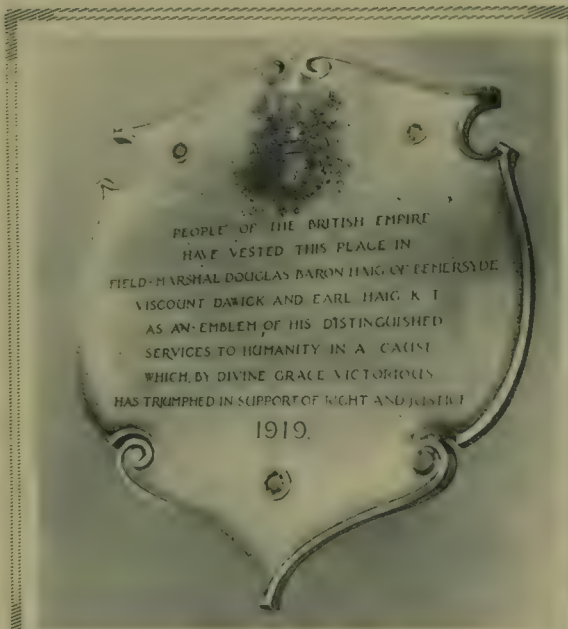
A most excellent book, "Dragon Lizards of Komodo," a book already blessed by the Boone and Crockett Club, encourager of experiences, and as certain to be blessed by the general reader and the man of science.—E. H. G.

*"Dragon Lizards of Komodo: An Expedition to the Lost World of the Dutch East Indies." By W. Douglas Burden. Approved by the Boone and Crockett Club. With Fifty-four Illustrations. (Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons; 15s. net.)

THE 29TH LAIRD OF BEMERSYDE: EARL HAIG'S HOME AND FAMILY LIFE.



FORMERLY CAPTAIN OF THE "ROYAL AND ANCIENT" CLUB, ST. ANDREWS: EARL HAIG AS A GOLFER.



RECORDING THE EMPIRE'S GIFT TO EARL HAIG: THE INSCRIBED SHIELD ON THE HOUSE AT BEMERSYDE.



AT HIS SCOTTISH HOME, WHERE THE FUNERAL WAS ARRANGED TO TAKE PLACE: EARL HAIG IN HIS STUDY AT BEMERSYDE.



LORD HAIG WITH HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, LADY IRENE HAIG: THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF HIM AT BEMERSYDE.



LORD HAIG'S ONLY SON AND HEIR: VISCOUNT DAWICK WITH HIS SISTER, LADY IRENE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A YEAR OR TWO AGO.



WITH HIS TWO ELDER DAUGHTERS: LORD HAIG AT A RAILWAY STATION WITH LADY ALEXANDRA AND LADY VICTORIA HAIG.



PRESENTED TO LORD HAIG BY "PEOPLE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE . . . AS AN EMBLEM OF HIS DISTINGUISHED SERVICES TO HUMANITY": BEMERSYDE HOUSE, THE BORDER HOME OF THE HAIG FAMILY, WHERE HE DESIRED TO BE BURIED.



A FAMILY GROUP AT BEMERSYDE: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG, COUNTESS HAIG, EARL HAIG, AND LADY VICTORIA HAIG BESIDE AN OLD WELL IN THE GROUNDS.

Earl Haig married in 1905 the Hon. Dorothy Maud Vivian, daughter of the third Baron Vivian. Their four children are Lady Alexandra Haig (born 1907), Lady Victoria Haig (born 1908), Viscount Dawick (born 1918), and Lady Irene Haig (born 1919). Queen Alexandra was sponsor to Lady Alexandra Haig, and Princess Mary to Lady Victoria. At the time of his father's death, Lord Dawick was at Bemersyde recovering from an illness. In 1919 Sir Douglas Haig (as he then was) was created Earl Haig, Viscount Dawick, and Baron Haig, of Bemersyde, Berwickshire. In 1921 Bemersyde House and fishings, on the River Tweed,

were presented to Earl Haig by his fellow-countrymen in the Empire. Bemersyde is the ancient Border home of the Haigs. Earl Haig was only a cadet of the family, but its then head concurred in the public desire to see the greatest of his clan installed there, and thus Earl Haig became the twenty-ninth Laird of Bemersyde. In his younger days he was a fine horseman, polo player, and rider to hounds. After the war he took up golf, and in 1920 was elected Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews. It was announced on January 31 that he would be buried at Bemersyde, instead of in St. Paul's, as previously stated.

LORD HAIG'S LAST DUTY AND THE FINAL PHASE.



HIS LAST PUBLIC DUTY: LORD HAIG SHAKING HANDS WITH ONE OF THE CUBS AT THE ENROLMENT CEREMONY OF THE NEW 20TH (EARL HAIG'S OWN) RICHMOND BOY SCOUTS ON JANUARY 28.



AFTER THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HER HUSBAND: LADY HAIG ARRIVING AT 21, PRINCE'S GATE, HYDE PARK, WHERE THE FIELD-MARSHAL DIED ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 30.

Lord Haig's last duty was his attendance at Richmond on January 28, when he presented badges and enrolment forms, as Patron of the new 20th (Earl Haig's Own) Richmond Troop of Boy Scouts. Lady Haig accompanied him. It was then, also, that he made his last speech, saying: "Stand up for England when people speak disrespectfully of her. Try and realise what citizenship and public spirit mean." The Scout troop in question was formed for the sons of disabled ex-Servicemen employed at the British Legion's Factory at Richmond.—In view of the unexpectedness of the Field-Marshal's death, it was decided that a post-



THE MORTAL REMAINS OF LORD HAIG AT ST. COLUMBA'S, PONT STREET, OF WHICH THE FIELD-MARSHAL USED TO BE AN ELDER: BEARING THE BODY INTO THE CHURCH FOR THE LYING-IN-STATE.



COVERED WITH THE UNION JACK AND HAVING UPON IT A TRIBUTE OF FLANDERS POPPIES OF REMEMBRANCE FROM THE BRITISH LEGION, FOR WHICH HE DID SO MUCH: THE COFFIN BORNE FROM PRINCE'S GATE.

mortem should be held. The medical statement was: "The cause of death is sudden heart failure, the result of the effects of the war and previous tropical and campaigning services on the heart muscles." At the time of the death, Lady Haig was staying with friends in London. The news was broken to her as gently as possible, but she was so prostrated with grief that it was deemed advisable for her not to go to her husband's bedside until the mid-day. On January 31, the remains of the dead leader were taken to the Scottish Church of St. Columba, Pont Street, there to lie in state.

THE PASSING OF LORD HAIG: THE LONDON LYING-IN-STATE.



LORD HAIG LYING IN STATE AT ST. COLUMBA'S: THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN WITH HIS FIELD-MARSHAL'S BATON ON THE TOP, FLANDERS POPPIES AT THE FOOT OF THE BIER, AND A GUARD OF HONOUR.

On January 31, Lord Haig's body was quietly conveyed from 21, Prince's Gate, where he died, to the Scottish Church of St. Columba, in Pont Street, of which he had been an elder. The coffin, draped in the Union Jack, was at first placed in the crypt chapel, where the body of Mr. Bonar Law had rested in 1923. On February 1 Lord Haig's coffin was brought up from the crypt and placed on a catafalque covered with blue velvet at the head of the choir, there to lie in state, with a guard of honour, on that and the following day. A short service at St. Columba's, for the family and congregation, was announced for

Friday, February 3, before the procession to Westminster Abbey for the first part of the military funeral. It was arranged that, after the Abbey service, the coffin should be borne in procession to Waterloo for the railway journey to Scotland, and that it should lie in state in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, on Saturday and Monday (February 4 and 6), and on the Sunday (February 5) in the Chapel of the Order of the Thistle adjoining the cathedral. The actual burial will take place, at Lord Haig's express wish, at Bemersyde, his Scottish home in Berwickshire.

A SUDDEN AND IRREPARABLE LOSS FELT THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE: LORD HAIG, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE B.E.F.



WITH THE KING AND MARSHAL FOCH, THE GENERALISSIMO WITH WHOM HE WORKED SO ADMIRABLY: LORD HAIG DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE WESTERN FRONT IN 1922.



THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE VICTORIOUS ALLIED ADVANCE AGAINST THE ENEMY IN 1918: LORD HAIG AT WORK AT HIS DESK IN HIS RAILWAY-TRAIN.



HIS GREAT AFTER-WAR SERVICE: LORD HAIG, WHO WAS CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FORMATION OF THE BRITISH LEGION, WATCHING THE MAKING OF FLANDERS TOPPIES FOR ARMISTICE DAY.



AFTER VICTORY HAD BEEN WON: LORD HAIG, C.-IN-C. OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS, COMING ASHORE AT DOVER IN DECEMBER 1918, ON HIS RETURN HOME WITH HIS ARMY COMMANDERS AFTER THE ARMISTICE.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT, WHERE THE FINAL VICTORY WAS WON: LORD HAIG AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE RAILWAY-TRAIN AT ADVANCE HEADQUARTERS DURING THE GREAT WAR.



THE GREAT AFTER-WAR ORGANISATION TO WHICH HE DEVOTED HIMSELF: LORD HAIG (WITH PRINCE HENRY) INSPECTING THE BRITISH LEGION—THIRD FROM THE RIGHT, SIR IAN HAMILTON.



THE FIELD-MARSHAL WHO "WILL, FOR ALL TIME, BE REMEMBERED AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S VICTORIOUS ARMIES IN THE FIELD": THE LATE EARL HAIG—A VERY RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



PERSONALLY THANKING TROOPS WHO TOOK PART IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE WHICH FOLLOWED THE ENEMY PUSH IN 1918: LORD HAIG GREETING CANADIANS IN THE FIELD—HIS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FLAG BORNE BY A TROOPER.

His Majesty the King, who also sent a telegram of sympathy to Lady Haig, paid notable tribute to Lord Haig in the words: "The King has learned with profound sorrow of the death of Field-Marshal Earl Haig, who will for all time be remembered as the Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's victorious Armies in the Field. The King knows that the sudden and irreparable loss of this valuable life will be deeply felt throughout the whole Empire, by the Army, and more especially by Lord Haig's old comrades, to whose welfare he had devoted himself since the close of the Great War." It may be recalled that it was in August 1914 that Lord Haig, then Sir Douglas Haig, went to the Front in command of the First Corps of the British Expeditionary Force. In the December, when Armies were formed, he became Commander of the Fifth Army, fighting, of course, under the orders of Sir John French (later the Earl of Ypres). On December 22, 1915, he succeeded French and took over the command of the British Armies in France; and he was Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Forces in France and Flanders from 1915 until 1919. It was largely at his suggestion that Marshal Foch was given supreme command in the days of the Germans' final push in 1918, in order that there might be complete co-operation of the Allies; and on April 12 of that year he issued the famous

General Order saying: "... There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment." After that came the turn of the tide; and it should be added that Foch adopted Haig's plans in preference to his own on a number of occasions. After his return home in December 1918, Haig did not forget the officers and men who had fought with him. Indeed, it has been said that his after-war service was even finer than his war service; for he devoted himself wholeheartedly to ex-Service associations and he created the British Legion. His honours, of course, were many. Already wearing the Order of Merit and being a K.T., a G.C.B., a K.C.I.E., and a G.C.V.O., he was created Earl Haig, Viscount Dawick, and Baron Haig of Bemersyde, Berwickshire. Parliament voted him £100,000; and it was then that Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, said: "His tenacity of purpose, his dauntlessness in the face of what looked like disaster, make him an embodiment of the race which is so proud to claim him amongst its sons."



BRITISH C.-IN-C. IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS, 1915-19: FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG, O.M., K.T.

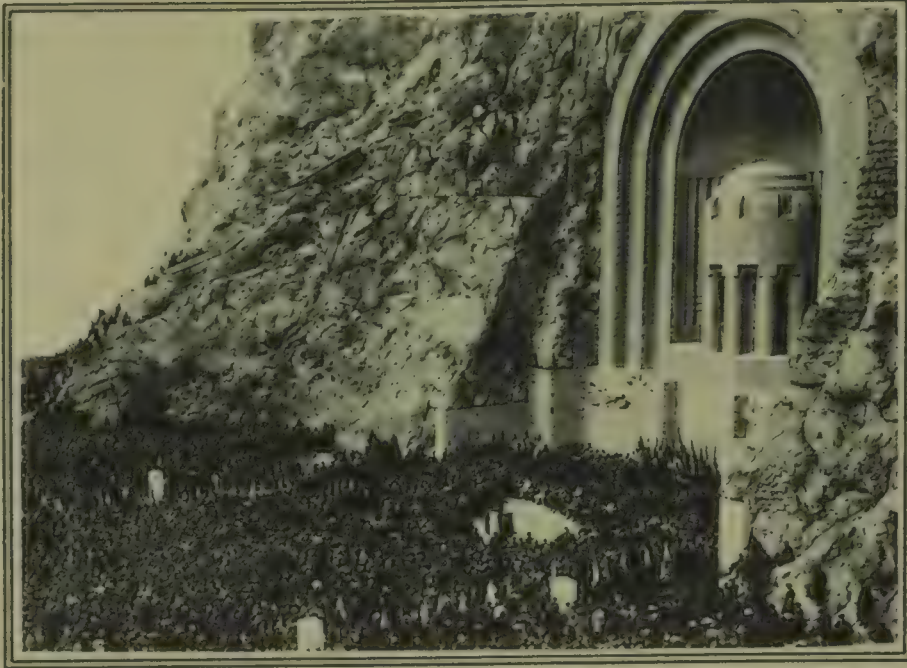
Born, June 19, 1861. Died, January 30, 1928.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED)

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE FIRST AEROPLANE TO LAND AT THE NEW AIR PORT AT CROYDON: A MACHINE FROM PARIS THAT TAXIED OVER THE NEW CONCRETE FLOOR TO WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE ARRIVAL ENTRANCE.



THE WAR MEMORIAL AT NICE, IN THE ROCKY CLIFF-FACE OF THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR, UNVEILED BY MARSHAL FOCH: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT CROWD PRESENT AT THE CEREMONY.



AN ESCAPED BULL RUNNING AMOK IN MADRID, WHERE IT TOSSED SEVERAL PEOPLE: THE SCENE IN THE AVENIDA DEL CONDE DE PENALVER, WITH TERRIFIED PEDESTRIANS IN FLIGHT.



A FAMOUS MATADOR TO THE RESCUE: FORTUNA (IN ORDINARY DRESS, AND "TRAILING" HIS OVERCOAT), HAVING ENGAGED THE BULL TILL A SWORD WAS BROUGHT, GIVES IT THE COUP DE GRACE.



THE FIRST HORSE LANDED AT CROYDON BY AEROPLANE: MISS BETTY RAND, THE FILM ACTRESS, LEADING PHANTOM (WHO STRUGGLED AND BIT HER) INTO THE MACHINE AT LE BOURGET AERODROME, PARIS.

The new buildings and improvements at Croydon aerodrome, which have made it one of the world's finest air-ports, came into use on January 30. The first aeroplane to leave (at 8 a.m.) was an Imperial Airways machine. The first incoming machine, from Paris, brought six passengers and freight. The last arrival of the day was another aeroplane from Paris, bringing Miss Betty Rand's horse, Phantom, the first horse ever brought to Croydon by air.—Marshal Foch (who was chosen to represent the French Government at Lord Haig's funeral, with Marshal Pétain) unveiled the fine War Memorial at Nice on January 30. The Duke of Connaught attended the ceremony.—In Madrid on January 23, a bull on its way to the



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AMONG THE "PEARLY KINGS AND QUEENS": A GROUP AT THE CARNIVAL BALL OF COSTERMONGERS BELONGING TO THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF STREET TRADERS.

slaughter-house escaped and dashed through the streets, tossing four or five people. In the Gran Via the famous bull-fighter Diego Mazquiaran (nicknamed "Fortuna"), who had just left his house, took off his coat and lured the bull to his own front door, where a sword was brought to him, and he killed the animal amid tremendous excitement.—The Duke and Duchess of York were received with great enthusiasm at the costermongers' carnival ball, on January 30, in Finsbury Town Hall, when they were welcomed by Lord Lonsdale, President of the National Association of Street Traders, and the Mayor of Finsbury. Many guests wore the famous "pearly" costumes, and a "pearly" doll for Princess Elizabeth was presented to the Duchess.

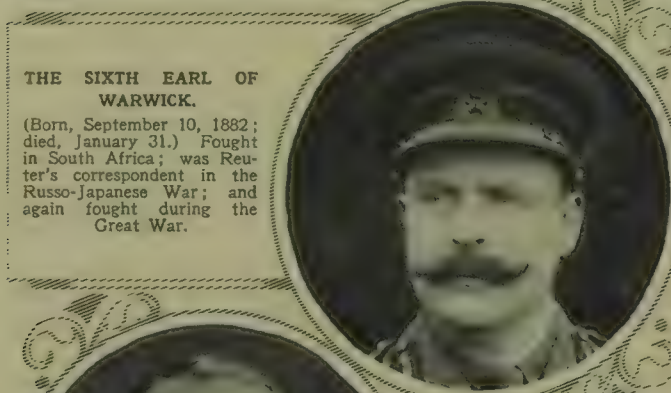
PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE KING
RECEIVING THE
WARATAHS AT
SANDRINGHAM:
HIS MAJESTY
SHAKING HANDS
WITH ONE OF THE
NEW SOUTH
WALES RUGBY
FOOTBALL
TEAM.



THE FOURTH BARON SACKVILLE AND HIS WIFE:
LORD SACKVILLE (FORMERLY THE HON. SIR
CHARLES SACKVILLE-WEST) AND LADY SACKVILLE.
The new Lord Sackville is a brother of the late Peer. He is
Governor of Jersey. In 1924 he married Mrs. A. M. Bigelow.



THE SIXTH EARL OF
WARWICK.
(Born, September 10, 1882;
died, January 31.) Fought
in South Africa; was Reu-
ter's correspondent in the
Russo-Japanese War; and
again fought during the
Great War.



LEADER OF THE NICAR-
AGUAN FORCES AGAINST
THE U.S. MARINES: GENERAL
SANDINO.



THE THIRD BARON
SACKVILLE.
(Born, May 15, 1867; died,
January 28.) The owner of
Knole, Sevenoaks, one of
the most famous of English
homes. Active in county
affairs. Served in the Great
War.



MR. ADAM MAITLAND,
M.P.
New Member for the
Faversham Division
(Con.). Director of the
Lancashire Waggon Com-
pany. Member of the
Surrey County Council.
Member of Accountants
and Auditors Society.



SIR FREDERIC WISE.
(Born, August 16, 1871;
died, January 26.) M.P.
(C.) for Ilford since 1920.
A most regular attendant
in the House. A stock-
broker and a Director
of the "Daily Express."



SENOR BLASCO IBANEZ.
(Born, January 29, 1867; died, January 28.) The famous Spanish
novelist. Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,"
"Blood and Sand," etc. Exiled as an extremist Republican.

SPECIALLY
GUARDED IN VIEW
OF A REPORTED
ASSASSINATION
PLOT: MR. JAMES
MCNEILL, THE
NEW GOVERNOR-
GENERAL OF THE
IRISH FREE STATE
(LEFT), ABOUT TO
LEAVE FOR
IRELAND—WITH
MRS. MCNEILL;
AND MR. JOHN
QUIREY, OF
THE L.M.S.



The new Lord Sackville, who was born in 1870, saw service in Manipur, Burma, and South Africa, and during the Great War. He was a teacher at the Staff College under Sir Henry Wilson, and, later, Director of Operations at the War Office. Later still he was Wilson's Chief of Staff at Versailles; and in 1918 he followed Lord Rawlinson as British Military Representative on the Supreme War Council. In 1924 he married, as his second wife, Mrs. Anne Meredith Bigelow.—During the Great War the Earl of Warwick was A.D.C. to Sir John

French, and later commanded the 4th Canadian Infantry Brigade.—Blasco Ibañez was one of the best-known of the world's novelists, partly owing to the film based upon his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." He was always an extreme Republican. He died at Mentone.—It was reported on January 30, the day upon which Mr. James McNeill left London for Ireland, that news had been received at Scotland Yard from the Dublin Police of a suspected attempt upon his Excellency's life. The Special Branch took precautionary measures.



THE collection of old engravings offers a wide field for selection. The print-collector may concern himself with various periods. He can study the early Italian and German schools of line engraving by Marcantonio Raimondi and by Albrecht Dürer in the fifteenth century. He can specialise in early

THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

II.—OLD ENGRAVINGS.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "English China," "Old Furniture," etc.

work of one man. These scholarly monographs are numbered by the score. Take Turner as an example: there are two stout volumes enumerating and describing many thousands of engravings by him and after him.

Up to now one has been speaking of technique and the specialisation of whatever branch of the art of engraving has been selected. But there is another angle from which others have approached the subject. It is not to be commended as being so scholarly and intensive. One speaks now of subject. It may be maritime prints; it may be military exploits; it embraces costume. Coaching and horse-racing appeal to one, and topographical subjects to another. The former may be an illustrated guide to the Turf of the eighteenth century; and in the latter case the portfolios may include every important view of London since the Stuarts. This subject-collecting of engravings is by no means to be deprecated. It is an adjunct to historical knowledge. It has a real value as a record. It is invaluable to the historian. But from a technical point of view such collecting does not actually add to the knowledge of the progress of engraving. It may be compared on one plane with extra-illustration, a species of plunder which has happily now become

by Messrs. Sotheby and Co. on Feb. 15, it will at once be seen that the collector had a fine and scholarly outlook. His examples illustrate the founding and development of mezzotint engraving; and they embrace those very early and rare examples which came as an impetus to make that particular branch of engraving at a later date one of the supremest moments in English interpretative art. The subjects are all portraits; they extend from the seventeenth century. There is the glorious sense of fine portraiture in all these examples. They have not been selected as one searching for prettiness. Their intense call lies in the superlativeness of the technique, in the real illumination and exposure of the subject evidently always uppermost in the mind of the giver of the feast. Many of these fine engravings have been exhibited in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibitions. Their lineage is no less assured than the subjects which they represent. Supplementary to the long list of mezzotints are line engravings whose value is equally sure. Just as a sort of dessert come glorious portraits by Masson and Nanteuil, those superb French engravers whose mastery of line has never been surpassed and never will be equalled.

The introduction of mezzotint engraving into England, after the Restoration of Charles II., by Prince Rupert, is exemplified in the collection by a print after Merian of "The Magdalen," and by "The Little Executioner," which is a frontispiece to Evelyn's "Sculptura," which volume contains the first account in English of the new art. These plates by Rupert show great skill. The "Head of a Young Man" is quite Rembrandtesque in the arrangement of lighting. It was Ludwig von Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who invented mezzotint engraving. His first plate in 1642 was of the Landgrave's mother. In 1654, when at Brussels, he communicated his secret process to Prince Rupert. The



THE ROYAL ENGRAVER WHO INTRODUCED MEZZOTINT INTO ENGLAND: "PRINCE RUPERT"—AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF THE METHOD. BY WALLERANT VAILLANT (1623-77), IN THE FORTHCOMING GILBERTSON SALE.

As mentioned by Mr. Hayden in his article on this page, the Gilbertson collection of engravings, to be sold at Sotheby's on February 15, illustrates the history of mezzotint. This method was introduced into England, after the Restoration, by Prince Rupert, to whom its inventor, Ludwig von Siegen, imparted the secret process at Brussels in 1654. An example of Prince Rupert's own work is given in the other illustration here.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.

woodcuts or etchings. He can become an expert on the various states of great masterpieces of the burin, which determine values under the hammer. If he has a leaning to colour and has a long purse, he may compete for the possession of coloured stipple engravings of the school of Bartolozzi, or set his heart upon French gaities of Debuourt. He can roam over Europe in his selection, and find great and delectable examples in the little Dutch masters of the seventeenth century who were painter-etchers, or revel in his treasures of Claude, whose mastery of the needle was only equalled by his own countryman, that great French etcher Meryon, some centuries later.

Perhaps of all branches of collecting that which covers so wide an area and extends over five centuries offers more complexities than most subjects appealing to the connoisseur. There are niceties and exactitudes which thrust themselves forward to bewilder the novice. The various processes, which, as time went on, became less uniform, confound the beginner and perplex the old hand. Etching was used to supplement mezzotint, stipple was employed to add delicacy to line engraving. Hence it has become a necessity that collectors of old prints should become specialists. They may know a little of all, possibly a very little, but if they aspire to reach the greater heights they must know all of one particular school. Volumes have been learnedly written concerning the engraved

quiescent, where rare prints, poor line and common steel engravings, and feeble woodcuts all went into the pot to illuminate some uninspired work in three volumes which, by means of solander boxes and assiduous collecting, was extended to a dozen volumes. Possibly the National Portrait Gallery is an outstanding instance of extra-illustration. It is not artistic. It does not set out to be artistic, to compete with its neighbour, the National Gallery. It purports to offer, and very gallantly does offer, the best-known portraits of English celebrities.

In viewing the collection brought together by the Rev. Lewis Gilbertson, which is to be sold by auction



ENGRAVED BY PRINCE RUPERT (1619-82): A "HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN"—ONE OF THE EARLIEST ENGLISH MEZZOTINTS, "QUITE REMBRANDTESQUE," FROM THE GILBERTSON COLLECTION.

Prince Rupert (as noted under the adjoining portrait of him) was the first engraver to introduce the mezzotint method into England. "These plates by Rupert," says Mr. Hayden of the examples in the forthcoming Gilbertson sale, "show great skill. The 'Head of a Young Man' is quite Rembrandtesque in the arrangement of the lighting."

rare first state of this plate is now to be sold. That it was in the collection of Chaloner-Smith, the great historian of the English mezzotint school, hallmarks it, apart from its later appearance at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of 1917.

[Continued on page 192.]

THE FIRST MEZZOTINT; AND EARLY EXAMPLES: GILBERTSON RARITIES.

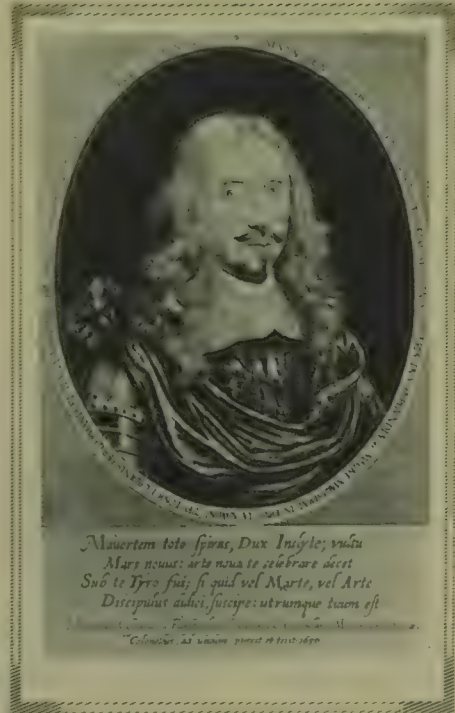
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO.



1. THE FIRST MEZZOTINT: "AMELIA ELISABETH, LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE," BY LUDWIG VON SIEGEN, DATED 1642.



2. FROM A COLLECTION WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE EARLY HISTORY OF MEZZOTINT ENGRAVING: "SMALL PORTRAITS OF NEGROES," DATED 1683, BY JOHN OLIVER, IN THE GILBERTSON SALE.



3. DATED 1656: "THE ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD WILLIAM OF AUSTRIA," BY THEODORE CASPAR VON FÜRSTENBURG.



4. "SIR PETER LE LY," FROM A SELF-PORTRAIT: A MEZZOTINT BEARING THE NAME OF ALEXANDER BROWNE.



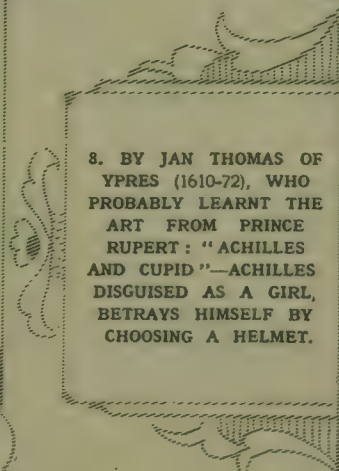
5. BY ABRAHAM BLOOTELING (1640-90), WHO DID MUCH TO DEVELOP MEZZOTINT: "KING CHARLES II," AFTER SIR PETER LE LY—"THE EXTREMELY RARE LIFE-SIZE PLATE."



6. BY A PUPIL OF BLOOTELING—GERARD VALCK (1626-1720): A MEZZOTINT PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM III.



7. "LOUISE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH": AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF MEZZOTINT BY HENRI GASCAR (1635-1701), A FRENCH PORTRAIT-PAINTER, WHO VISITED ENGLAND AS A MEMBER OF HER SUITE.



8. BY JAN THOMAS OF YPRES (1610-72), WHO PROBABLY LEARNT THE ART FROM PRINCE RUPERT: "ACHILLES AND CUPID"—ACHILLES DISGUISED AS A GIRL, BETRAYS HIMSELF BY CHOOSING A HELMET.



The Gilbertson collection of engravings, to be sold at Sotheby's on February 15, is of special importance (as explained in Mr. Hayden's article opposite) for the early history of mezzotint, an art discovered by Ludwig von Siegen, and by him communicated to Prince Rupert, who introduced it into England after the Restoration. Von Siegen's first mezzotint (No. 1) was engraved in 1642. John Oliver (No. 2) was related to the famous miniature-painters, Isaac and Peter Oliver. Theodore Caspar von Fürstenburg (No. 3) was a priest of Mayence, and learnt mezzotint, as an amateur, direct from Von Siegen. "Alexander Browne," says the sale catalogue, "was sometimes stated to be an artist and engraver, but

most probably was only a printer and publisher." The mezzotint after Sir Peter Lely's self-portrait (No. 4) is inscribed: "Sold by Alex. Browne at ye Blen Balcony in little Queen Street." Abraham Blooteling (No. 5) "was probably a pupil of von Fürstenburg, and came to England first in 1673. Gerard Valek (No. 6) entered Blooteling's service, was instructed by him, and accompanied him to England." Henri Gascar, a protégé of the Duchess of Portsmouth (No. 7), visited England in the reign of Charles II. Jan Thomas of Ypres (No. 8) "probably learnt mezzotint (says the catalogue) from Prince Rupert, whom he met with Von Siegen at the election of the Emperor Leopold, at Frankfort, in 1658."

OUTDOOR WINTER SPORT INDOORS: BERLIN, LONDON, AND PARIS RINKS.

DRAWINGS—No. 1 BY LUTZ EHRENBARGER; No. 2 BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.; No. 3 BY LÉON FAURET.



1. WINTER SPORT INDOORS IN GERMANY: SKATING ON REAL ICE AT THE PALACE OF SPORT IN BERLIN, A RINK FORMERLY USED AS A RIDING SCHOOL AND BOXING RING, AND CONVERTIBLE INTO A BALL-ROOM.



2. WINTER SPORT INDOORS IN ENGLAND: SKATING ON REAL ICE AT THE ICE CLUB IN GROSVENOR ROAD, WESTMINSTER THE SCENE WHEN, AT THE SOUND OF A GONG, GENERAL SKATING GIVES PLACE TO WALTZING.



3. WINTER SPORT INDOORS IN FRANCE: A GAY SCENE ON THE REAL ICE AT THE PALAIS DE GLACE IN THE HEART OF PARIS, WHERE SKATING HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF WINTER AMUSEMENTS, WITH AN ORCHESTRA PLAYING IN THE GALLERY, AND FACILITIES FOR REFRESHMENTS DURING INTERVALS OF REST.

Skating on real ice (artificially made) can now be enjoyed indoors, regardless of the vagaries of the weather, in London, Paris, and Berlin, as shown in the above drawings. The Palace of Sport at Berlin, formerly used as a riding school and boxing ring, was converted into a skating-rink two years ago for the Berlin Skating Club. It can quickly be changed into a ball-room by laying down a parquet floor. In London the Ice Club in Millbank, Westminster, was opened last winter. It has a spacious rink 170 feet long by 90 to 100 feet wide, with an area of 17,000 square feet. Last winter it was the scene of the first International

Figure-Skating Championships, and many ice-hockey matches have been played there. Skating there has become a popular pastime. Occasionally, at the sound of a gong, general skating gives place to waltzing. Paris has a similar rink at the Palais de Glace in the heart of the city, where the skaters skim round to the strains of an orchestra. All these rinks are provided with galleries and promenades for onlookers, or skaters resting, with facilities for refreshments. On page 187 we illustrate an indoor ski-field at Vienna, similar to the one at Berlin illustrated in our issue of April 30 last.

OUTDOOR WINTER SPORT INDOORS: SKI-ING UNDER COVER IN VIENNA.

DRAWN BY PROFESSOR GLATZ. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A RAILWAY TERMINUS CONVERTED INTO A SKI-ING GROUND: THE SNOW PALACE AT VIENNA—AN INDOOR "SWITZERLAND."

The hall of the North West Railway station at Vienna, which is now no longer in use, has been made into a snow palace that contains both a ski-ing field and a ski-jump, formed of artificial snow. The Viennese are thus able to enjoy winter sports in autumn and spring as well as in winter. In

our issue of April 30 last we illustrated a similar indoor ski-ing ground in an exhibition hall at Charlottenburg, Berlin, with artificial snow bought from an English inventor, Mr. L. C. Ayscough. It was then stated that indoor ski-ing tracks were to be made in Dresden, Munich, and Frankfurt.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"SUNRISE."

THE merits of the new Fox film, produced in America by the eminent German director, F. W. Murnau, were severely tested at its private showing, when, for reasons which seem to be generally



"SUNRISE," AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION: MISS JANET GAYNOR AS THE WIFE—WITH THE DOG, WHICH, WITH AN UNCANNY SENSE OF IMPENDING TRAGEDY, SEEKS TO WARN HER.

recognised by the organisers of these functions, but which I have never been able to understand, invitations had been issued which far exceeded the capacities of one of London's largest theatres. Elbowing a painful way through the crowd, I heard a voice saying: "It has got to be very good to reward us for this." Even a much-jostled critic must be honest. "Sunrise" proved to be very good indeed; in many of its aspects perhaps the best that has so far been brought to the screen. In its sheer beauty of vision and in its relentless probing of human impulses, "Sunrise" carries the art of cinematography well forward on its path towards perfection.

The story, based on an early work by Sudermann, called "Die Reise nach Tilsit," is simplicity itself, and bears the impress of its North-German origin in a certain heaviness of atmosphere that clogs the earlier chapters. Yet even here Murnau's extraordinary power of composition has created pictures of such haunting quality as cannot easily be forgotten. We are introduced without delay to the three chief and only important protagonists of the story—the Man, the Wife, and the Woman of the City: *la fâcheuse troisième*. The man is utterly in the clutches of this siren. She maddens him; she goads him on to the contemplation of a horrible crime. She wants him, she wants his farm, and there in the reeds, by the moonlit pool, she suggests to him the murder of his wife. A boating accident; a bundle of rushes to keep the man afloat; the wife left to her fate; and all the future is theirs! The man very nearly carries out her dreadful demands. Very nearly; but at the last moment, at the sight of his devoted little wife cowering in the stern of the boat, he comes to his senses. His obsession drops away from him, and he rows desperately for the shore. Once on land she runs away from him, through the woods, to a little station, where she boards a steam-tram in a blind desire to escape this monster who was her husband. He is ever beside her, begging forgiveness.

Thus they come to the big city, a mute and tragic couple amidst the traffic of the town. He gives her cake; he gives her flowers; he follows her until at last they stray into a church, where a wedding is in progress. The ceremony, reminding him of all his broken vows, robs him of the last vestige of self-control, and there, in her arms, the big peasant sobs out his contrition while she, little mother-woman, comforts and forgives. We follow their joyous "second honeymoon" trip through the town. They visit a fun-fair, and gather gay laurels with their spirited

performance of a peasant dance. Tired and happy, they start on their homeward journey across the lake. A sudden squall overtakes them; their craft is wrecked; the "accident" suggested by the siren has actually taken place—but with a difference.

The producer has not marred the simplicity of his story by any side-issues. We see the value of things through the eyes of these two people: two young peasants taking life as it comes, as happy as two children—so we are told—until the coming of the siren. Since we accept the point of view of the young farmer and his wife, we should, I suppose, perceive the justification for the rather elementary humour and for the over-lavish scale of the city which they visit. One imagines a small provincial town might have balanced the scale better, yet probably to those two children of the fields it seemed the hub of the universe. I have given Mr. Murnau his defence, though, to me, these extravagances, as well as a tendency to sentimentalism, are the defects of a fine piece of work.

The individualism of Mr. Murnau's methods were made manifest in his production of "Faust." He has remained true to them. Here is the same suggestion of bigness and strength, gained in the same way by showing us a corner, an angle, rather than a whole. Here is the same sense of pattern, and of glimpsing a wider vista through some smaller opening—the "peep-show" method. Some of the settings in the lush grass at the water's edge where the lovers meet, with the moon picking out the outlines in liquid silver, are exquisite. There is a memorable "landscape with figures" reminiscent of some Dutch master, showing the still-happy young mother

that "Sunrise" is eloquent enough to do away with the interruptions of the text.

AN ARBITER OF TASTE.

Mr. Louis Blattner's step in securing the services of Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley as arbiter of taste at his Elstree studios is an important one. It is good to feel that our film magnates are widening their horizons and that the mistakes of the past have borne some fruit. No one will deny that producers, in their feverish quest after novelty and magnificence, have often ridden roughshod over the dictates of taste. Hollywood's conception of English life, for instance, has marred more than one good story which had its "locale" on British soil, and that through sheer ignorance of English custom and convention. Amazing interiors, only equalled by amazing clothes, have sprung from the brains of the American producer depicting some country-house gathering in one of England's stately homes. Titles have proved a frequent stumbling-block, and unconscious caricature must have caused much amusement tinged with consternation in those who know their England well. Such errors may be errors of detail: cinematography, however, is composed of detail. It may be argued that a good picture can rise superior to the correctness or incorrectness of dress and decoration. No doubt it can, but it should never be forgotten that these films carry a picture of our way of living to every corner of the globe. In distant countries opinions are being formed of our manners and our morals based largely if not solely on that seductive mirror, at once so true and so false—the moving-picture.

Having perceived the mote in Hollywood's eye, it behoves us to recognise the beam in our own. I have seen British films in which a heroine entertained her guests for tea dressed—or rather, undressed—in garments befitting a Cleopatra. I have seen interiors that looked like a stucco stall in an exhibition rather than a London drawing-room. All these things are not difficult to remedy; but it needs instinctive taste and real knowledge to achieve that perfection of detail which we should look for in our films. No historical drama would be brought to the screen without the advice of experts on problems of architecture, furniture, weapons, wigs—to say nothing of costume; yet our own period has been left to look after itself.

Mr. Blattner himself has bestowed the title on his new collaborator of "Director of Home Arts, Customs, and Costumes." Here are three fields where a woman of taste and experience can do much to raise the standards of our films. Moreover, the advent of such a woman in the film-trade shows that the right attitude towards the kinema is gaining ground. Mrs. Ashley confesses herself no "film-fan," but she has found the films she saw "some-



A CINEMA SET "BIGGER THAN PICCADILLY CIRCUS, PLACE DE L'OPÉRA, 'TIMES' SQUARE, OR THE POTSDAMER-PLATZ": A

£200,000 SCENE BUILT FOR "SUNRISE."—GEORGE O'BRIEN AS THE MAN AND JANET GAYNOR AS THE WIFE. Some remarkable figures are given by those responsible for the Fox film "Sunrise," an F. W. Murnau production now at the Marble Arch Pavilion. Here are some. The scenario, based on a story from Sudermann's "Die Reise nach Tilsit," took nine months to write and filled two thousand pages of foolscap. The "set" illustrated here cost £200,000 to erect; while a smaller set, embodying a lake, covered just over ten acres. "There is a series of 'reflective dissolves'—a new type of craft, incredible as the acrobatics of Japanese contortionists. 140,000 feet of film was exposed, but only 250 feet used."

with her babe in her arms and her stalwart husband at the ox-drawn plough. The soft pastel-like quality of the little leafy village and the arrogant architecture of the noisy city are conceived and seen by a master-mind—a mind that has grasped all the possibilities of the camera, and is able to harness its mechanism to the spirit of an artist.

The seeming simplicity of this film—a simplicity that must have cost a small fortune to achieve—is echoed in the acting. George O'Brien (the husband), Janet Gaynor (the wife), and Margaret Livingston (the latter excellent in her portrayal of the Woman from the City) seem to have found the inspiration of truth in this Sudermann story. At any rate, they convey each passing emotion with complete sincerity. Here, I think, is a film that might dispense entirely with sub-titles. The experiment would be interesting, and I believe the result would show



AFTER THE STORM: THE WIFE IS SAVED FROM DROWNING AFTER THE RETURN FROM THE CITY.

times rather vulgar," and, perceiving a sphere in which her knowledge might be of use, she has entered it, as she says, with enthusiasm.

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Fashions & Fancies

AMONGST THE MANY AMUSING VOGUES FOR THE COMING SEASON ARE THE ARRIVAL OF BEAD SNAKES FROM MEXICO, SOFT FEATHERS FROM HOME NESTS, AND A COMPLETE UNIFORM FOR THE KEEN BRIDGE-PLAYER.

the extreme modes which make a startling début and fade quickly away. Felt and the coarse mixed straw usually associated with children's hats is an unusual combination which has been chosen for many models this season. It is very effective carried out in navy-blue and white, the plaited straw crown achieving a checked effect, contrasting well with the brim of dark navy-blue felt.

Marabout Again in Favour.

Another sphere where feathers have reappeared is in the boudoir. Dressing wraps are once again becoming more feminine and ornamental, and are trimmed with quantities of light, fluffy marabout. One lovely gown in peach-coloured satin has not only huge bell-shaped sleeves hemmed with marabout, but also a long fish-tail train coming from one side in a most unexpected manner. It is edged in the same way. That lovely shade of blue which is neither light nor peacock, but rather the colour of the sea on a sunny day—this has penetrated, too, into the boudoir, and is the latest colour for lingerie and wraps. Another new shade for lingerie is the peculiar absinthe green which was so much in vogue for frocks a season or so ago.

The Vogue for Bridge Coats.

Bridge has become such a national institution that it is only natural that a mode of its own has been inspired. The bridge coat is the unmistakable mark of the seasoned player, and no well-dressed woman considers her wardrobe complete without one. There is a practical side to them too, for one person is invariably right away from the fire, and light sleeves give just the requisite amount of warmth. Liberty's design them in exquisite colourings and materials. The group pictured below come from their salons at Regent Street, W. On the left is a coat of flowered gauze in delicate shades of mauve, pink, and gold, edged with marabout. The partner opposite has one of double black georgette decorated with beautiful gold appliqué trimming. This is available for 9½ guineas, and the same amount secures the flame chiffon coat in the centre with a panel of gold gauze down the centre of the back. This, too, is edged



Sheer white bed-linen is a continual delight to every woman who possesses Horrockses' sheets, for the texture improves with years of washing and hard wear.

with marabout. The standing figure is wearing a coat of brown velvet bordered with gold appliquéd flowers. The price is 12 guineas. There are other lovely models in velvet printed georgette, a riot of exquisite colourings. Liberty's also design most attractive evening wraps, rather reminiscent of the graceful highwayman's cape. Carried out in Sunglam and crêpe-de-Chine, they are reversible, and cost only 8 guineas—very useful and practical investments. Velvet capes, collared with fur and lined with Sunglam, are obtainable for 8½ guineas.

Well-Made Lingerie.

The materials of which lingerie is made nowadays are so delicate compared with the old-fashioned flannel and twill that their length of service depends a great deal on the way they are made. You are always sure that lingerie from Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., is perfectly made throughout and will last splendidly. From these salons come the trio of attractive nighties pictured on this page. On the extreme left is a flowered crêpe-de-Chine piped with pink available for 59s. 9d., and opposite is another crêpe-de-Chine in soft shell-pink trimmed with fine lace at the neck and sleeves. This costs 39s. 9d. In the centre is one of this firm's own materials, "Silspun," bound with a contrasting colour and prettily embroidered. This costs only 29s. 9d. The material is non-transparent silk, and wears exceptionally well. Then cotton opaline nighties in lovely shades of apple-green, pink, mauve, etc., hand-made throughout and prettily embroidered and lace-trimmed, can be secured for 12s. 11d. There are printed shantung boudoir wraps available for 47s. 11d., and printed satin ones are 6 guineas. Boudoir jackets in various materials can be secured from 35s. 9d.

Horrockses' Sheets. It is useless to talk of lovely nighties without thinking of sheets worthy of them.

Snowy white bed-linen which never loses its whiteness and smoothness is the first care of every woman who takes a pride in her home. Horrockses' bed-linen, of sheer white, bordered with a hand-worked effect, is a source of delight, for years of washing improve the texture. It is obtainable everywhere.



These charming nighties of crêpe-de-Chine and "Silspun" are from Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W. "Silspun" is their own material, which washes and wears splendidly.

A Vogue from Mexico.

Everyone who has friends in Mexico or South America probably possesses one of those curious snakes which are made by the natives entirely of multicoloured beads almost as minute as "hundreds and thousands." Surprisingly enough, these snakes have become famous in the most critical circle in the world, the centre of fashion, thousands of miles away from their original birthplace. Paris is sending them to us in the form of belts and "colliers" to match. Some are no thicker than your little finger, and look very neat encircling a simple jumper suit, while the snake coiled round the neck has jewelled eyes set in the flat silver head. The real colourings of the reptiles are carried out as much as possible, with the peculiar greens and shaded colourings of the more unusual species. Petersham ribbon belts are another innovation, completed with large steel buckles, very flat and in quaint geometrical figures. These, too, match the petersham ribbon on your hat. They are rather broader than the average leather belt, and are bound with cut steel.

Feathers Flutter in Again.

Another bolt from the blue this season is the surprising reappearance of feathers. Wings have been folded in retirement for many years now, but this spring they are unfurling everywhere. They are used in the form of flat pads to trim felt and straw hats for the early spring. In some of the smartest felts, the feather pad is actually inset in the crown, on one side, and one shady straw has the brim underlined with tiny flat feathers speckled like a duck's egg. There is a rumour that the pointed crown will return, but the general opinion is that this is one of



Bridge is a serious engagement nowadays, and the smart woman always wears a bridge coat. Here are some lovely ones from Liberty's, Regent Street, W. The one on the left is of flowered gauze in soft pastel shades trimmed with marabout; next, a brown velvet appliquéd with gold; and on the right a double black georgette with appliquéd embroideries in exquisite colourings. A panel of gold gauze is introduced in the back of the flame chiffon coat in the centre.

SMOOTH TO THE LIPS ARE THE 'IVORY' TIPS



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IF YOU LIKE TURKISH, TRY THE NEW DE RESZKE 'TURKS'—10 FOR 6d.

THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

(Continued from Page 184.)

There were other foreign pupils of Siegen, notably Theodore Caspar von Furstenburg, who worked about 1656. His plate "Archduke Leopold William of Austria," probably *ad vivum*, is represented in the forthcoming sale. About the same date, or a little later, comes Jan Thomas of Ypres, who, it is supposed, learnt the art of mezzotint from Siegen at Frankfurt in 1658; and here are two examples from his graver. Wal-lerant Vaillant (1623-1677) is here represented by twenty examples. These are the days of early mezzotinters, followed by Francis Place, who died in 1728. But one must not forget Abraham Blooteling, with his wonderful life-size portrait of Charles II. and his "Duke of Monmouth," both after Lely. Those who wish to follow this evolution can profitably study the collection at Sotheby's item by item.

Line has her masterpieces of early days, too: a whole series of portraits including that wonderful Crispin de Passe portrait of Queen Elizabeth as she appeared when she went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the victory over the Spanish Armada. There is a Charles II. by Sherwin, which, as a piece of portraiture, does not quite get the lineaments of the Abraham Blooteling plate after Lely, and departs from the figure in Abbot Islip's Chantry at Westminster Abbey, where the wax effigy is exactly Charles as he was with his spaniels in St. James's Park; dour little brown man with his pungent wit. He had travelled much.

The specialised collection of great masterpieces of engraving should always be made with fine discrimination. There is much to be pursued on

the plane of mezzotint to arrive at the very climax of so great an art, which, in the main, depended upon chiaroscuro effects. Portraits do not always win the approbation of the sitters. "I will not look unlovely, even on my own coin," was Elizabeth's dictum. It is Bacon who says of Henry VII. that "his face was not to the advantage of the portrait painter, for it was best when he spoke."

Above and beyond the collection now examined there lies the great, exultant school of mezzotinters whose prints will carry, and have carried, the fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Romney, of Raeburn, and too sparingly of Gainsborough, into a greater world than is given to the original canvases. It was Sir Joshua himself who said that these glorious mezzotints after his portraits would perpetuate his fame. In all probability this is true. For canvas and pigment perish; exclusive collections deny the public from seeing originals; but the multifarious dissemination of mezzotints by McArdell and others have, as the old painter predicted, carried on his triumphs and those of other eighteenth-century masters in portraiture.

At the greatest period a highly accomplished school of mezzotinters, standing upon a technique of the highest interpretative character, found itself confronted with a galaxy of beauty. Hence those collectors who love beautiful subjects gather their harvest, and great prices are fetched. For instance, "Mrs. Carnac," at the Edgcombe sale, in 1901, fetched 1160 guineas, a glorious portrait in mezzotint by John Raphael Smith. What the same plate would bring now is problematical.

Obviously, the collection of old engravings demands a ripe scholarship. Historically, as they appear now in the collection under survey, they have a value above and beyond the pictorial. But there are other fields. Forgetting the great phalanx of historical characters, one may come to the beauty of the great English landscape. Happy is he who possesses the mezzotints

by Lucas after Constable. But it is modern, since the days of Gray's "Elegy" and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, to embrace nature.



A HOCKEY "INTERNATIONAL" AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS AS AMATEUR ACTORS: (L. TO R.) MR. JACK CAPES, MR. KENNETH WORLEY, MR. ERIC PERCIVAL, MISS DORIS CORSAN, AND MISS M. PERCIVAL, IN "THE KISS CURE," AT CROYDON.

Mr. Jack Capes, the international outside right, and other well-known hockey-players, including Mr. Kenneth Worley and Mr. Douglas Lacklan, are members of a new dramatic society formed by the Tulse Hill Hockey Club, to which they belong. They recently took part in a successful performance of Mr. Ronald Jeans's comedy, "The Kiss Cure," given in the large Public Hall at Croydon.

And it was Luther who exclaimed, when he saw a portrait of Erasmus, "Were I to look like this picture, I should be the greatest knave in the world."

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Extract from "Autocar," January 13th 1928 RETREADS.—Mr. L. G. Jennings, writing on the question of mileages of balloon tyre retreads, says that in 1924 he had three 700X80 Dunlop tyres retreaded by the Almagam Rubber Co. These, on a 1922 chain-drive G.N. car, had done 8,750 miles, and appeared good for 2,000-3,000 more when he sold the car. Early in 1927 he had a 28X4.95 Dunlop tyre (wired balloon) retreaded by the same firm; on an 11.4 h.p. Standard car, this had done over 7,000 miles when he sold the car.

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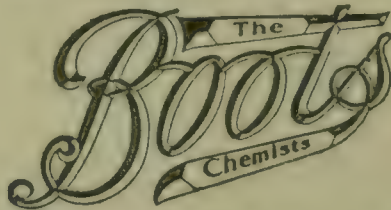
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A NEGLECTED COMPOSER.

THIS year is the Schubert Centenary, the composer having died in 1828 in his thirty-first year. An important festival is to be given in Vienna in the summer, and no doubt many of his lesser-known works will be performed on that occasion. Schubert has never really had the reputation he deserves, for, although he is one of the great names in music, he has been overshadowed by his three great compeers—Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven—during the last fifty years; and in the preceding generation Mendelssohn, and, later, Wagner, completely overshadowed him. Now that we have quite recovered from the Mendelssohn virus, and have partially recovered from the Wagner epidemic, it is possible for us to have a truer idea of the real quality of Schubert's music.

For my part, I do not hesitate to place him as an equal with the great triumvirate—a place which I should not give to either Mendelssohn or Wagner—and I hope that the centenary festival celebrations everywhere may be the means of bringing his music before the public. The music of Schubert is more neglected than that of any of the great composers, and this in spite of the fact that the Unfinished Symphony is one of the most popular of instrumental works. Occasionally the C Major Symphony has been performed, but none of the other symphonies is ever heard, and very little of his chamber music is played. Schubert wrote a number of operas which are almost completely extinct. Whether they are good or bad only a few specialists who have studied the scores can tell, but it is always assumed that the badness of the librettos has killed them. It is quite possible that to-day we should be able to enjoy these operas more than our more rigorously minded parents and grandparents, especially when we remember how disdainfully Mozart's delightful "Cosi fan Tutte" was regarded in the nineteenth century.

To-day we have different theories about opera, and we do not object to dramatic absurdities or inconsistencies provided that the music is good and interesting enough. It is impossible to believe that Schubert—who combined, as Beethoven and Wagner did not combine, both the lyrical and the dramatic genius—has not left us in these operas many magnificent moments. I hope to go to Vienna for the

festival, and to hear there at least one Schubert opera.

But it is the songs, after all, which represent Schubert's genius best, and it is a sad fact that of Schubert's six hundred songs the vast majority are absolutely unknown. Among these unknown and unsung songs are not a few, but many, of the world's greatest masterpieces in this genre. Such songs as "Kolma's Klage," "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," "Ganymed," "Schwager Kronos," "An den Tod" are practically never heard in this country—at least, in the course of ten years' regular concert-going I have never heard them sung in public. Yet these are great masterpieces, utterly beyond the power of any other song-writer, from Mozart to Brahms, to conceive. Of course, one of the reasons why they are not sung is because there are hardly any singers who can sing them. They are quite outside their powers of interpretation and execution.

One of the most surprising facts about Schubert is that he wrote some of his great masterpieces at a very early age. For example, such songs as "Erl-King," "Gretchen am Spinnrade" were composed before the age of nineteen, and Schubert never seemed at any period of his life to find the slightest difficulty in composing a song almost instantaneously. We learn from Grove that a friend called at Schubert's one afternoon in the winter of 1815 and found him reading Goethe's "Erl-King" ballad.

A few times' reading had been sufficient to evoke the music which in the rage of inspiration he was whelming down on to the paper at the moment of Spaun's arrival; indeed, it was already perfect except the mere filling in of the accompaniment. This was quickly done, and it was finished in the form in which we now see it in the Berlin Library. In the evening Schubert . . . and Holzapfel sang it through. It was not altogether well received. No wonder; the form was too new, the dramatic spirit too strong even for that circle of Schubert admirers. At the words "Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an," where G flat, F sharp, and E flat all come together, there was some dissent, and Ruzicka, as teacher of harmony, had to explain to his pupils as best he might a combination which now seems perfectly natural and appropriate.

One of the most extraordinary things about Schubert was his inexhaustible fertility. As Grove says—

With an abundant fountain of melody and harmony always welling up in him and endeavouring to escape, no

wonder he grasped at any words and tried any forms that came in his way and seemed to afford a channel for his thoughts. If good, well; if bad, well too. The reason why he wrote eight operas in one year was no doubt in great measure because he happened to meet with eight librettos; had it been four or twelve instead of eight, the result would have been the same. . . . The spectacle of so insatiable a desire to produce has never before been seen.

And yet the strange thing is that, although Schubert could produce a supreme masterpiece such as "Gretchen am Spinnrade" at the age of seventeen, and the "Erl-King" at the age of nineteen, yet he was developing his powers up till the time of his death. His last orchestral works are a great advance on his earlier ones, and his premature death no doubt deprived the world of a great many works of the highest genius.

Schubert was a very strange character, and I don't think that Grove had the least idea how strange. It is to be hoped that the centenary will be the cause of producing a really first-rate critical biography of the composer, and add to our understanding of him. One of his curious characteristics was the completeness with which his works, once composed, vanished from his memory. For example, a singer named Vogl received a song from Schubert which he liked, but found too high for his voice, and transposed it into a lower key. About a fortnight later Vogl was with Schubert, and he placed this song before him. Schubert "tried it through, liked it, and said in his Vienna dialect: 'I say, the song's not so bad—whose is it?'" Although Schubert was gay and convivial, and showed the lighter side of his nature to his friends, there was a great deal in him which has been ignored. A simple rustic fellow does not compose such extraordinary works as "Sehnsucht," "Kolma's Klage," "Doppelgänger," and it is not at all surprising to find such a passage as the following in Schubert's journal—

Grief sharpens the understanding and strengthens the soul: joy, on the other hand, seldom troubles itself about the one, and makes the other effeminate or frivolous. My musical works are the product of my genius and my misery, and what the public most relish is that which has given me the greatest distress.

Those are strange words from a young man who died at an earlier age even than Mozart; and what Schubert's "grief" was nobody seems ever to have known, for he did not have the unhappy love affairs

(Continued on page 198.)



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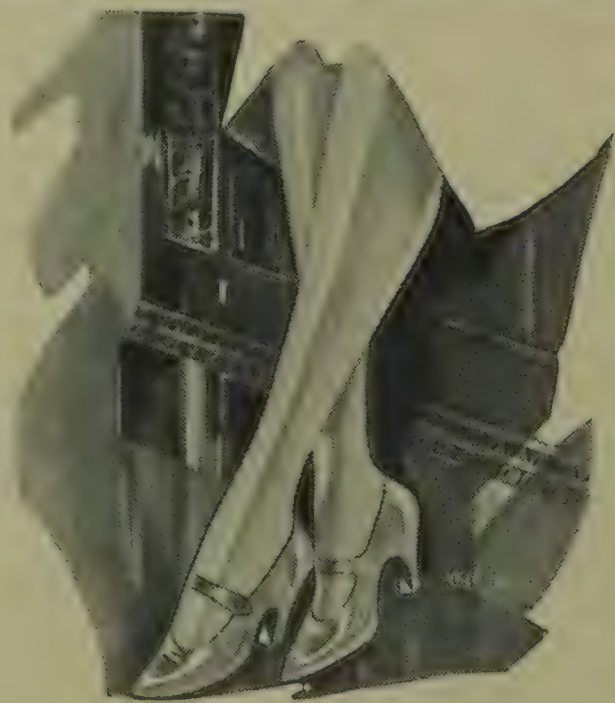
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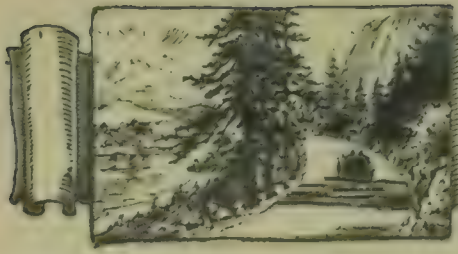
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE EXCELSIOR.

MANY London motorists will remember having noticed during the past six months a large foreign motor-car in the streets, at race meetings, and at most places where the fraternity meet, which was quite unlike any other. It attracted attention chiefly because of its coachwork, which was of a shape strongly suggestive of the post-chaises which

tried was of the former type, and it was soon evident that the designers, or the London distributors, Messrs. Hayward Automobiles, Ltd., King Street, St. James's Street, S.W., have been well advised to add the other two to the second chassis. Three carburettors certainly sound as if an unnecessary amount of possible trouble was being provided for, but in practice it is unlikely that the owner would have any reason to complain. In any case, whether the engine is one or three, everything is accessibly arranged and easily dealt with.

The chassis, which weighs nearly a ton and a-half, is one of the most robustly constructed I have ever seen on a touring-car. The gear-box is interesting, in being of the cylindrical order, and in being suspended on a cross-member at the front end. Four forward supports are provided with central control and a visible gate. The suspension is by half-elliptics on the front axles, and by the now not very common full cantilever on the rear axle. The system is combined with a stabiliser known as the "Adex," which is intended to give special steadiness over rough roads and in cornering at high speeds.

Such a car as this, with its very considerable weight, is not particularly easy to put through a thorough test, as on English roads it is naturally very difficult to find an open stretch long enough to get her going. There was a certain hesitation in picking up on third and top speed with the chassis I tried, which had the single carburettor, but apart from that it was scarcely fair to expect this massive carriage to display much of that swift acceleration from lower speeds which is so important a quality in the lighter cars most used on our crowded roads.

The Excelsior has, of course, any amount of life, which it displays at higher speeds than most cars. I am tempted to compare it with a great express train. A Scotch express does not accelerate out of Euston or King's Cross in a spectacular manner, but it makes nothing of keeping up sixty miles an hour for long periods. The comparison is not wholly just, but that was the impression the Excelsior gave me—that once she got going she would maintain fifty or sixty miles an hour with not much more difficulty than a big train.

Gear-changing requires a little practice before it can be done noiselessly, especially the change from second to third. I attribute this largely to the dry

multiple-disc clutch, which, to my mind, never gives such easy changing as others at first. The driver accustomed to other types must have time to get familiar with its peculiar action. Once the trick is learnt, however, there is nothing to complain of.

The springing of the Excelsior is very good indeed, and, whether it be due to the "Adex" stabiliser or not, there is no doubt but that you can swing this heavy car round corners with nearly as much ease and confidence as you drive her on the straight. I do not care

for the steering, which could have been steadier and lighter. Without being particularly silent in operation, the engine makes not much noise, even on a heavy road at fairly high speeds. Its revolution-rate is refreshingly low, the maximum being something just over 3000 a minute.

I was particularly pleased with the four-wheel-brake set, which is operated by the Dewandre vacuum-servo assistance. It is not every set of brakes which are really improved by being vacuum-assisted, as most experienced drivers will probably agree, but the Excelsior outfit is a notable exception. The instrument-board is very fully



READING A SIGN-POST UNDER DIFFICULTIES: A WINTRY ADVENTURE IN A WARWICKSHIRE LANE WITH ONE OF THE NEW ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY "FOURTEENS."

In this connection we may note that a 14-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley recently accomplished the best performance, against 34 competitors, in a big reliability trial run by the Automobile Club in Ceylon. Its success shows that British cars of the better class can hold their own with foreign rivals under the most difficult conditions, and is a step towards regaining the British motor market overseas.

were taken in the old days for run-away matches to Gretna Green. It was a remarkably attractive-looking cabriolet-coupé, of the true post-chaise yellow, and certainly one of the most pleasing-looking motor-cars ever seen on the roads.

I have now had an opportunity of taking out a



THE NEW 16-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER AUSTIN SALOON: A NEW MODEL BY AN OLD FIRM LIKELY TO PROVE VERY POPULAR.

The new Austin "Six" was the subject of Mr. Prioleau's article in our last number. "I have an entirely new car to describe (he said), or rather, an entirely new model produced by an old firm. It is the 1928 light six-cylinder 16-h.p. Austin, selling at the rather remarkable price of £395 for the standard 'Burnham' saloon. I think the Austin is likely to turn out a really popular car."

car of this make on trial. It is the Belgian Excelsior, a big touring car of the true trans-Continental type. Its horse-power is thirty, the annual tax being £31 per annum, and the ordinary closed type of car has a guaranteed speed of 80 miles an hour, thus maintaining the Gretna Green standard for to-day.

The six-cylinder engine, which has a bore and stroke of 90 by 140, is fitted with two valves per cylinder, operated by an overhead camshaft. In most respects it is designed on thoroughly orthodox lines, and is a good example of a powerful Continental motor. Ignition is, as is now very usual with six-cylinder engines, by coil and battery. On the ordinary chassis a single carburettor is fitted, but on the especially fast one three are used. The car I



OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER! A WOLSELEY 12-32-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER TOURING CAR AT WARWICK CASTLE. The 12-32-h.p. Wolseley tourer is a new model which was introduced in the last Motor Show at Olympia, and is proving extremely popular.

equipped, and, generally speaking, the car is genuinely one of the luxury type. The Weymann type saloon body, which is the one I tried, is a fine roomy carriage, plainly finished, but comfortable. Its lines are excellent, as indeed are those of all the Excelsior models. It is a very imposing car, but its proportions are so good that you do not realise how big it is. The price of the standard chassis is £1150, and of the super-sports, £1250.



A NOTABLE HILL-CLIMBER IN THE ALPS: A 10-H.P. SWIFT AT AN ALTITUDE OF 7200 FT. ON THE BERNINA PASS.

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THE LATE EARL HAIG.

WITH this number we present our readers with a double-page portrait in colour of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, who, we deeply regret to record, died suddenly in the early hours of Jan. 30. Sir Douglas Haig, as he then was, succeeded Lord French (the late Earl of Ypres) as Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces in France and Flanders in 1915, and retained that position until after the end of the Great War. During the first year of the war he had commanded the First Army. In 1919-20 he was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Great Britain. As a leader he was immensely popular with his men, and his personality was an asset of incalculable value to the Allied cause. He was raised to the Peerage, as the first Earl Haig, in 1919. After the war he devoted himself wholeheartedly to the interests of ex-Service men.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.—(Continued from Page 194.)

that Beethoven had—at least, as far as we know. But it is the privilege and the dire fate of true genius to bear the sorrows of the world, the universal misery of mankind, out of an extraordinary sympathy, and it is that sympathy which is at the root of their genius. So we need not necessarily look for any particular cause of Schubert's misery, although we should like to know more of his private thoughts, which he certainly did not share with his boon companions.

By the time these lines are in print that remarkable pianist, Mr. Arthur Schnabel, will have played, at the fourth of Mr. Gerald Cooper's chamber concerts, Schubert's great Sonata for Pianoforte in A major, Op. 120, and those privileged to hear Mr. Schnabel on this occasion are not likely to forget his performance. We shall probably have to wait many years before we hear such a performance again. It is a great pity that we do not produce the singers capable of seriously studying Schubert's great songs. Those we hear are generally the slightest of his works, and it is a disgrace to our musical taste that we have neglected his finest achievements so long. Perhaps the next generation will make more use of the treasures that lie buried and almost unknown among the works of Schubert.

W. J. TURNER.

PULVERISED COAL.

A FUEL THAT MAY REVOLUTIONISE OUR COAL INDUSTRY.

(See Illustration on Page 171.)

THE eclipse of coal by oil as a fuel for driving ships at sea has had a very serious effect on our great coal industry, so that mines are closing down and distress is acute in the mining districts. Unless something is done to provide a new use of coal in ships, the coal industry will be ruined. A new and revolutionary system for burning coal in marine-boiler furnaces is now on the market—a scheme that is past the experimental stage, and is now being fitted to a number of ocean-going steamers. This scheme is to grind coal down to powder (as fine as ladies' face-powder), that is fed to burners and used somewhat in the same way as oil, with all the advantages of oil in cleanliness and at less than half the cost.

The coal may be ground to powder in pulverising plants ashore and stored at depots at the big ports, as oil fuel is stored to-day, or it may be actually pulverised on board the ship itself. The former method is preferable for large passenger-ships that follow a regular route, as the noise of the pulverising plant would disturb passengers; but in smaller cargo-boats of the so-called "tramp" type the carried pulverising plant would be the most suitable, as ordinary coal could be taken aboard at any out-of-the-way coal depot and pulverised during the voyage.

The pulverised coal in large ships is fed to the ship's bunkers from a blowing-tank on the dock-side through a pipe, just as oil is taken aboard. The dirty business of "coaling ship" is thus eliminated. The bunkers are sealed, and, when the ship starts, the coal dust is "stuffed up" by stuffing pipes in the bunkers. These pipes force air in to the coal dust, so that the dust particles float on air and are thus made to "flow" like a liquid. The dust is admitted to the air-suction pipe at the base of the bunker through a sleeve valve, and is sucked upwards and delivered to a separator, where the dust and the air part company, and the dust falls, through dust-delivery pipes, into the ready-for-use bins. These bins always hold a supply of fuel ready for the furnaces. The air meanwhile returns to do its work over again,

thus preventing any dirty air from escaping into the atmosphere.

Passing out of the base of the ready-for-use bins, the coal dust is carried by a variable-speed worm-driven feeder and drops to a carburetter, through which it is forced by hot air, thus reaching the burner hot and correctly mixed for proper combustion. Meanwhile, another air-pipe, known as the secondary air-supply, drives in air, which impinges on vanes attached to a cone surrounding the burner and imparts a whirling motion to the flame from the burner, this being necessary for proper combustion; otherwise there would be required a very lengthy extension to the furnace, as at present constructed in power stations ashore where pulverised coal is in use.

Another flow of air is directed upwards towards the flame, adding to its turbulence and aiding rapid combustion, so that, when it reaches the colder walls of the furnace proper, combustion is complete and the flame is ready to impart its maximum heat to the water. Other air-pipes circulate air in a space round the furnace extensions, thus performing the dual duties of keeping the boiler-room cool and absorbing any heat that flows through the inner brickwork. This air is then taken by a fan to the air-heater placed in the funnel uptake (in the path of the hot funnel gases), so that valuable heat, which would otherwise be wasted, is utilised to aid combustion of the coal dust.

Where the pulverising plant is carried in the ship the coal-bunker is situated above the pulverising plant, and the coal falls by gravity into the grinding plant to be pulverised. Thence it is blown by air into the separator, and the proceedings already described feed it to the furnace.

It is claimed that the average cost per day of a boiler fired with pulverised fuel taken from a bulk storage ashore is £43 17s. 11d.; whereas the cost of a similar boiler-power per day fired by oil fuel works out at £101 13s. 8d., calculated at the average rate for oil fuel round the world. Mr. Frank Hodges, in a recent lecture, declared that the destinies of the miners, and, in fact of the whole nation, were bound up in the task of making the full scientific and chemical use of coal, our greatest raw material.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SECOND MAN," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

ONE of the hits of the season is going to be—already—"The Second Man," by an American dramatist, S. N. Behrman. It is the airiest of trifles, employing the services of but a quartette of players, but it is a delicious trifle for all that, beautifully acted. A piquant feature of the performance at the Playhouse is the fact that Mr. Noel Coward assists his brother-playwright as actor, and interprets to perfection the part of a sophisticated young man he himself might have created. The character in question is a dilettante author, whose second self is always lying in wait to observe, criticise, and check his better self's impulses—hence the title. Soon after the curtain rises this Clark Storey is seen candidly proposing to marry for her money—and, it may be hoped, also for her good nature—a rich and charming widow who knows him inside out. He borrows money from the lady—not too nice a type, you will see. He is also involved with Monica, an *enfant terrible* of twenty, who throws herself at his head in school-girl fashion, and, when the engagement is celebrated with champagne, is so determined to stop the affair that she falsely announces that she is going to give birth to a child of which Clark Storey is the father. The widow, naturally, breaks off the engagement, and in the most laughable scene of the play a wealthy but tongue-tied chemist to whom Monica has pledged herself in pique tries to shoot her "betrayed." The tangle, of course, is briskly and brightly resolved. Miss Zena Dare is an attractive widow; Miss Ursula Jeans gets the right tomboyish manner for the rather impossible Monica; and Mr. Raymond Massey hits off delightfully, even to his clothes, the bashful chemist. But Mr. Coward's is the most telling performance; he bids fair, if authorship permits it, to be the finest light comedian on our stage.

"THE MASQUE OF VENICE," AT THE SAVOY.

The best that can be said of Mr. G. D. Gribble's "Masque of Venice" is that it is a piece of fantasy which misses its mark, despite a certain amount of

good writing and wit. It has the advantage of sumptuous mounting; no less an artist than Marie Tempest is in the cast; Miss Jeanne de Casalis lends her charm to the part of a novelist's Egeria, and there are such players, besides, as Mr. J. H. Roberts, Mr. George Tully, and Mr. Graham Browne at the disposal of the author; but, on the whole, he supplies them with too insubstantial material for them to be able to save him and his story. His characters are freaks. He lumps together a writer of best-selling fiction who affects a Byronic pose; a "soulful" woman novelist with a desire to emulate Madame de Staël; a royal exile and his former mistress; a globe-trotting parson and his odd wife—and joins to them Cazaneuve, described as a moral complex, descended on the one hand from Casanova and on the other from Quakers, and distracted by alternate moods of gallantry and puritanism. The scene on which Mr. Gribble seems to have counted most—a scene wherein the Cazaneuve of Mr. Roberts declaims by moonlight fragments of old love-letters of his to the ardent lady novelist, played by Miss Tempest, and the lady succumbs to their eloquence—ought to have been droll, and yet was so long drawn out as to miss its effect. Ineffectual—that is the word for the play.

"TWO WHITE ARMS," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

It is Mr. Owen Nares's screamingly funny turn with a motor-car that is going to make the success of Dr. Dearden's new piece, "Two White Arms." The farce, for such it is, begins almost misleadingly; it really looks as though the (medical) author intended to preach a sermon on the folly of wives who over-coddle their husbands. But no sooner is the scene changed to a garage, and the over-petted husband shown taking a holiday from his wife's attentions as salesman of a car in company with a jealous Scots mechanic, than the fun becomes fast and furious and the audience is seized with violent spasms of laughter. Nor does the playwright's comic ingenuity cease with the discovery and capture of the runaway; for when the unhappy husband is lugged home in the very car he is trying to sell he feigns loss of memory, which he does not recover till he has faced a "psychiatrist"

and had a fight with the mechanic. Mr. Nares proves himself in excellent form all through, and Miss Molly Kerr, Miss Marda Vanne, Mr. Nigel Bruce, and Miss Sydney Fairbrother all give him pleasant support.

"LORD BABS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Mr. Keble Howard will owe his chief comedian, Billy Merson, a big debt if he contrives, as seems likely, to pull off a success with his new Vaudeville farce, "Lord Babs." Practically, there is only one ludicrous situation in this piece, spread with variations over the entire action. As a peer anxious to dodge the police in connection with a car accident, Mr. Merson is called upon to put on an antic air, to pretend to imagine himself a small baby again, and he is expected to keep up "goo-goo" tricks for the space of two hours and a half. He performs the feat very funnily. He needs help, of course, and this is well supplied by Miss Hermione Baddeley, Mr. Lawrence Anderson, Mr. Charles Garry, and others, but "Lord Babs" is certainly a Billy Merson show.

That excellent little magazine, "The Print Collector's Quarterly," is well up to its high standard with the new issue for January, which seems, indeed, even richer than usual in charming reproductions of engravings and etchings. The number contains several illustrated articles of great interest. Mr. Eric C. Francis writes on N. Lavreince, Mr. Frank Rutter on the etchings of Oliver Hall, R.A., Major T. Sutton on the Daniell aquatints, A. P. Oppé on Sir James Thornhill's invitation card, Mr. Campbell Dodgson (the Editor) on the etchings and aquatints of George Delotz, and Mr. Gilbert Dalziel on wood-engraving in the 'sixties. The large number of illustrations in the advertisement pages also form an attractive feature. "The Print Collector's Quarterly" is published by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., at the price of 5s. for a single copy, or 17s. 6d. (4.50 dollars) for an annual subscription. For its sale in America there are agents in New York, Boston, Milwaukee, and San Francisco, whose addresses are given in the current number.

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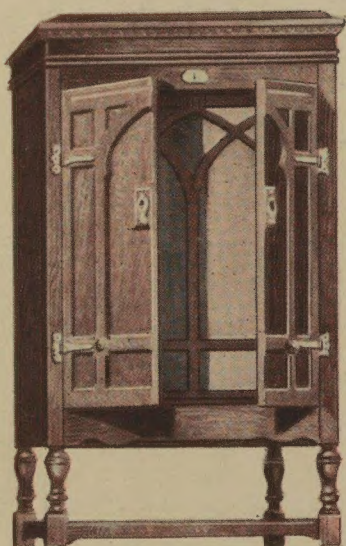
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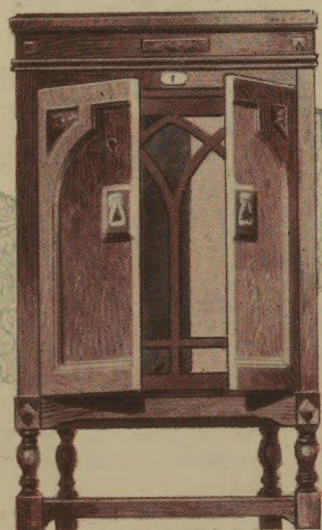
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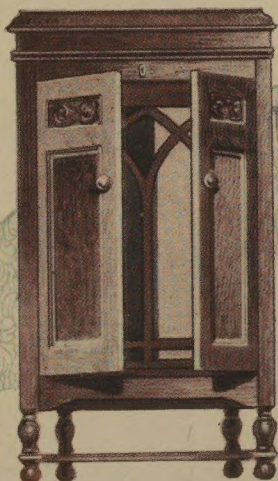
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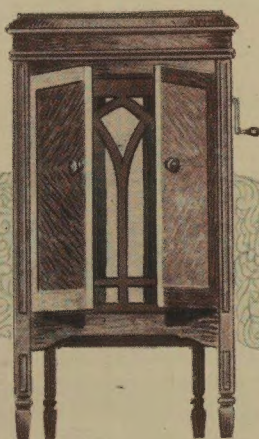
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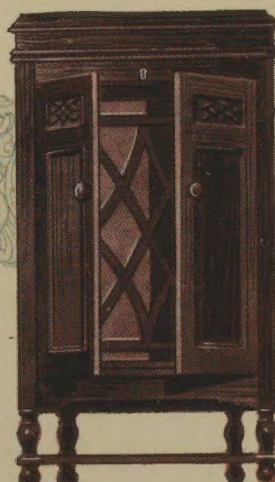
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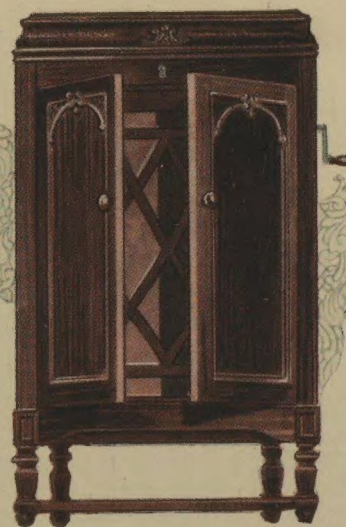
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